JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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IN THE FUTURE

there may be many new diseases, doctors say, but it is certain that there will be the old familiar maladies—what are sometimes called light ailments, but which cause heavy discomfort, and often real suffering, as those who are bilious and depressed know only too well. It is equally certain that people who, from stress of modern conditions, long hours, hasty meals, and so on, get out of sorts, and run down generally, will, in the future,

AS IN THE PAST

know exactly where to go for the safe and congenial remedy to make them all right again. Few of us can do without occasional medicine, even the healthiest; indeed, there is no way of keeping well except by assisting Nature now and then, and taking a medicine which all can resort to with perfect confidence in its ability to do just what we require it to do. That medicine is, of course, as every one has known for **60** years and more,

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Vol. III. No. 67. Saturday, September 14th, 1907. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, *unless otherwise signed, is editorial.*

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SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

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Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week ten of such numbers are drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

Up to the time of going to press the following claims have been received in respect of our issue of August 3rd:—

Mrs. REE-ROSS, 5, Old Park Avenue, Nightingale Lane, S.W. (No. 230554).

Mr. HENRY PAGE, 35, Lucas Avenue, Plashet Road, Upton Park (No. 148086).

We repeat the ten numbers given in our issue of August 3rd:—

149,418	228,265
230,554	229,617
140,071	146,798
165,127	148,086
144,366	206,131

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 10TH:—

298,771	296,896
282,614	250,549
273,433	302,808
285,452	329,817
339,695	330,549

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 17TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 19TH (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 17TH).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The teetotaller bigot is on the rampage in Manchester. A gentleman who has done much good municipal and philanthropic work has this year been nominated for the Lord Mayoralty. He is universally admitted to be a man of high character and considerable ability. But he gets his living by brewing beer, and, worse still, good beer. He might be a sweating employer, an exploiter of slum property, or a gambler in cotton options—then Stiggins would fall on his neck and embrace him, and beseech subscriptions for his Little Bethel. But a brewer! Why, the very idea is enough to make all the paid secretaries of temperance organisations, who are busy expressing what they call "popular indignation" in the press, take to drink themselves forthwith. Really, though the drunkard has his defects from a social standpoint he is streets ahead of the "temperance advocates" who are striving to gain notoriety by slandering one of Manchester's most esteemed citizens.

Just now, guide-books are much in evidence. No doubt it is difficult to keep a guide-book well up to date, and we must lament the decadence of Baedeker. It was the companion, tyrant, and familiar friend of generations of ingenuous tourists. Its red cover was the badge of their servitude. The clerk on a holiday and the Yankee on an orange-peel-cum-sandwich trip alike flaunted it under their arm-pits. Now it appears that it cannot keep up to date. It lavishes its stars upon unworthy inns. Its glory has departed. But a new generation of guide-books is arising, and your tourist is realising that the British guide-book is at once more human, more convincing, and more imaginative. Baedeker is essentially early Victorian—dismal, dull, and depressing. Now it has ceased to possess the commonplace virtue of being accurate, its hour has struck. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Motor cyclists have a grievance. They share the obloquy which is bestowed upon all motorists, but they are not so rich or so well organised as the owners of 100-horse-power scorching vehicles. They are, however, well supported by an excellent little paper, called the *Motor Cycle*, which is now exercised by what it calls "A Travesty of Justice." A man with the mellifluous name of Brodhag rode a 2-horse-power motor cycle from London to Bournemouth. He was stopped by two policemen near Southampton and charged with travelling at the rate of 37 miles an hour, which he knew his machine was quite incapable of compassing. He was fined £5 and 19s. costs, though it was a first offence. The machine was only worth £8, so he offered it in lieu of a fine, though this would have meant giving up his favourite pastime. A month's imprisonment stared him in the face, but the proprietors of the *Motor Cycle* generously paid his fine. More power to their elbow, and may they succeed in organising motor cyclists all over the country.

Anybody desirous of buying a nice up-to-date, odorous, and fast motor omnibus will soon have an excellent opportunity, for seventy vehicles of the kind, once the melancholy property of the shareholders in the London Power Omnibus Company, are to be put up for sale in London by order of the receiver for the debenture holders, who have no further use for them. Every one of them is warranted to make and distribute its own perfumery, and if not wanted as a 'bus may be converted into a motor-car, a travelling caravan, a summer-house, or a coal truck. Motor-'bus companies are not quite the gold mine which their pioneers predicted, and the London Power Omnibus Company seems to have spent most of the period of its brief existence in the waters of tribulation. The outlook will mend in the sweet by-and-bye; and in the meantime, no doubt, inventors will bend their energies to producing a type of vehicle not only noiseless, but smell-less and skidless, as well as a type of chauffeur who will refrain from driving into lamp-posts and shop windows.

We should like to know whose business it is to devise "tests" for alleged drunkenness, and on what principle these tests are applied. Here's the case of a chauffeur recently, who was "tested" and "proved" by the following method: "They made him sit on the floor with his hands behind him, and then get up without touching anything." We venture to assert that probably not one man out of a dozen confirmed Sons of Temperance could succeed in this ingenious, though old-fashioned, trick. If it ever falls to our lot, the first thing we shall cling on to will be the nasal appendage of the tester. No man's liberty is safe whilst such idiotic foolery is allowed. Let the Home Secretary try it for himself—before and after dinner.

It is impossible to watch actual events in Morocco without a certain satisfaction. They may lead to a terrible conflagration throughout the Mohammedan world, and no doubt for some years to come white men will be despised by Moors, just as they were by Abyssinians after the Battle of Adowa. But the vainglory of the French is receiving a salutary douche. When we suffered temporary reverses in Zululand, in the Sudan and elsewhere, our German, French, and other rivals derided us as unfit for any warfare. If we could not overcome a few savages in no time, we were asked, how should we fare against continental armaments? It was not realised that savage warfare presents peculiar difficulties of its own; for instance, a civilised army expects to find communications comfortably prepared for it in advance, railways if possible, at the very least roads. The creation of communications is a science which we have at last laboriously evolved; but our rivals have not. The Germans tried their hand at savage warfare in Africa, and failed ignominiously. The Italians had to sue the Abyssinians for peace. Now the French have come forward with light hearts and accepted the herculean task of restoring order among the turbulent and martial Moors. But they will find the Moors no less shrewd diplomatists than themselves. We shall watch future developments with interest.

We were wondering how George Karageorgevitch contrived to run about Europe on his princely allowance of £12 a month. We now learn from the Belgrade papers that two of his drafts (for 30,000frs. and 40,000frs. respectively) have been dishonoured. It is also interesting to note that the name of M. Pashitch, Prime Minister of Servia, was submitted for inclusion among the guests at King Edward's gala dinner at Marienbad the other day. But the name was at once struck out, in consequence of the King's strong views about regicides. Pashitch was the only important person at Marienbad who was not invited to the banquet.

Most of the comments on the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill seem to have missed the mark. The grievance was a comparatively small one. A single specimen from a family usually contents the average man. But the Englishman has one striking characteristic—he hates to be bossed by a parson. The Irishman reverences his clergy; till recently Scotland was absolutely ruled by Presbyterian divines; the Welshman is not priest-ridden; he is dissenting minister-ridden. But the Englishman, be he Liberal, Tory, or Socialist, loathes the masterful cleric. Even our peers hate Bishop rule. The passing of this Bill is not so much a compliment to the Deceased Wife's Sister as it is a slap in the face for our pompous Bishops. The arguments used by the Primate and his subordinates during the debates in the House of Lords exemplify the truth of

Mr. Well's saying, "Socially our Bishops still play a conspicuous part; intellectually they are in hiding."

"Jim Crow" writes from the French seaside: "I am full of happiness and ozone, but my democratic principles prevent me from lavishing admiration upon the frog-eaters. I will relate unto you, oh my JOHN BULL, a typical incident. I was strolling on the soft silvery sands 'smorning, when a policeman accosted me. I began to fumble instinctively for my passport, and dreaded a dungeon, but he only wanted to sell me tombola tickets for the benefit of tuberculous children. I bought two at 2½d. and presented them to the appealing peeler, exhorting him to win the big number. The crowd on the beach consisted chiefly of dingy shop-keepers and light ladies. We watched the arrival of five charming children of the people, armed with buckets and spades, glistening with expectation of a frolic on the sands. I don't know whether they were tuberculous or not. Probably not, as the sergent viewed them with a frown. 'Hi! you there,' he exclaimed, harshly, 'how dare you come to this part of the beach? Don't you know that your place is right away over there, beyond the next breakwater but one? Now then, don't loiter, or I shall take you off to the station.' I cast him a note of interrogation from the corner of my eye, and he remarked with much self-satisfaction, 'We have to be very careful about keeping the beach select. Fancy those children daring to come to this part, which is reserved for the *beau monde*.' And France is supposed to be a democracy! I remembered the old story of the man who took up a French coin and read 'Liberté, point; égalité, point; fraternité, point.' Oh! la-la!"

While songs and adulation are lavished upon the mere muscular heroes of war or life-saving, there is often a tendency to pass over the no less noble exploits of those grand, self-sacrificing martyrs who lay down their lives for the sacred cause of science. A peculiarly magnificent example of such devotion has just been revealed in the person of a Yankee doctor, named Seneca Powell. He gave up his splendid energies to daring investigations into carbolic acid poisoning, and at last came forward with the stupendous discovery that pure alcohol was the best antidote. Volunteers were, unfortunately, wanting for the purpose of putting the cure to the test ("Jim Crow," we may mention, had not been informed), so the brave doctor magnanimously offered himself for the experiment, and the world now mourns him as one more victim to the alcoholic habit. The latest news is that his constitution has been completely undermined.

The Balkan Exhibition, being largely controlled by regicide interests, was not likely to err very far on the side of humanity. We hear that its employés have dubbed it a sweating exhibition. The stile staff have to be there at 10 a.m., to parade in uniform at 10.30, and remain till 11 or 11.30 p.m., at a princely salary of 4½d. per hour, which seems somewhat inadequate for high-class men with good references. A correspondent suggests that the licensing authorities should have something to say to the conditions of labour in places under their control, and we are inclined to think he is right. With a little consideration and improved management, it would be possible to reduce the hours without impairing the efficiency of the staff. What does the Lord Mayor say to all this?

"Arbaces" writes to a contemporary:—

> Sir,—The power of the will is but little understood by the majority of English people. If any of your readers desire to become rich, let them strenuously repeat to themselves, morning and evening, upon rising and going to bed, these sentences: "I will be rich. I can have riches. Riches shall come to me." This may sound absurd, but it costs nothing to make a test. The results will probably astonish sceptics.

And "Arbaces" lives at Forest Gate!

If the Rev. James H. C. Taylor, vicar of Isle Abbots, in Somerset, is to be credited, he is entitled to sympathy, rather than blame, for the extraordinary lapse of memory which resulted in his mixing up the marriage service, the burial service, and the baptismal service at a wedding the other day. It is an old story that marriage begins with "Dearly beloved" and ends in "amazement"; but where this particular one began and where it ended even the vicar himself does not appear to know. He had sunstroke while in South Africa. Before he went to Isle Abbots he lost his daughter. He has become bankrupt by building the vicarage. He suffers from an internal complaint, and for the last few months he has not had more than two or three consecutive hours' sleep. He says all these troubles have affected his mind, and occasionally his memory fails him. It is hardly to be believed that a clergyman would pick out lumps of the burial and baptismal services and stick them into the marriage ceremony by way of a joke. So if, at the ecclesiastical inquiry, Mr. Taylor can prove that he had not quaffed the more inebriating beverages in undue quantity, and that he was at the time of stable equilibrium and normal utterance, he will probably emerge from the ordeal without a stain on his cloth. In that case, perhaps the Bishop of the diocese will note that Mr. Taylor needs a holiday, and will see that he gets it. Of course, his "flock" have no say in the matter.

The Campbells are coming, with a vengeance! Thus "R. J." at Cardiff:—

> . . . The slum question must be dealt with by the establishment by local authorities of garden hamlets all over the country. We had wrangled a great deal about the inalienable right of the parent to control the religious instruction of his child, and were still as far from settling it as ever. Religion blocked the way, so that they could not get a national and efficient system of education. For sheer stupidity and a capacity to get at the wrong end of things, there could not be surpassed the English Churchmanship and British statesmanship on this question. No one Church had to bear the blame more than another. We had all been stupid. If the energy which has been wasted in ecclesiastical quarrels, ever since 1902, had been devoted to the awakening of the public conscience to its neglect of duty to underfed children, the problem would have been solved long ago. Far more important than the religious instruction of the child is his physical welfare. We must get rid of this vexatious and irritating problem of religious instruction. We want the parson, as such, Church or chapel, out of the schools of the people altogether. The parson is a nuisance and a hindrance to the establishment of a truly national system of education. . .

Now if *we* had said that! But perhaps we have.

From a Balham paper:—

> "Quite recently I witnessed a bicycle accident. The cyclist side-slipped in front of a heavy van, the horse and wheels passed over both limbs. Of course, I was immediately about to apply 'first aid,' but the man would have none of it, as he explained he was a Christian Scientist, and insisted on mounting his uninjured machine and riding away. What struck me as most singular was the absolute calm of the man under the most trying circumstances. The onlookers were much more disturbed."

If the party this relates to will repeat the performance, and allow us to select the van, we will give him a JOHN BULL fiver and a biscuit. If all goes well, Christian Science is made for ever.

At eighty-three years of age Lord Halsbury is still a vigorous politician, and our compliments are to him on his recent birthday. As Lord Chancellor he had a long innings, and distinguished himself by carefully looking after his relations, wherefore they are all exceedingly proud of him. Indeed, to be nearly or remotely related to his lordship or to be a friend of a near or remote relation, was a good thing in his day—especially if you happened to be a lawyer. As the years passed, he used up all the family and the friends of the

family, and then, apparently, but not till then, he found one or two equally deserving objects of his august patronage in a wider circle. We should say that not for many years has there been a Lord Chancellor of such strong family affection. Sydney Smith once wrote declining an invitation to dinner on the ground that his house was full of country cousins. "I wish," he added, "they were once removed." But his lordship never had any wishes of that sort. By this sign will he be remembered. It is his great achievement and his lasting glory. May his declining days be full of blessing.

People have to pay for prejudices as well as pleasures. The French have been venting their spleen upon religion and religious orders. Then, as the cat's-paw of Europe, they have been exhibiting their martial incapacity in Morocco. Hitherto, when they have tried to go to war, they have had the succour of nuns, sisters of charity, and other religious philanthropists, who have tended their wounded. Now religious orders are taboo, and the consequence is that wounded "froggies" have to nurse themselves. There may be no such thing as Providence, but there is evidently a Nemesis. *Vive Dieu!*

We published a note recently about the alleged invulnerability of Christian Scientists, and we now have a letter from Mr. Dixon, of the Christian Science Publication Committee, saying that "reporters, no matter how anxious to be accurate, are liable to error, just like Christian Scientists." We are surprised that a Christian Scientist should admit the possibility of error. However, we gladly share his "false claim." What we want to know is, if measles and cancer exist only in the imagination, why not shot and shell? We will gladly preach Christian Science if Mr. Dixon will teach us—and not charge us too much.

A reader writes congratulating us on the accuracy of our prophecy as to the working out of the Street Betting Bill. He encloses cuttings from our editorial notes of August 11, 1906, and also paragraphs from the *Manchester City News* of a recent date, which speak for themselves. Our correspondent goes on to say that in his opinion we "represent the prophet Isaiah at 5st. 7lb."—whatever that may mean.

No one desires to encourage street betting, but it is a thousand times better that the working man, desirous of "backing his fancy," should do so under existing conditions, rather than that all betting should be driven indoors and out of sight, and that a vast army of amateur bookmakers should be brought into existence throughout the workshops and factories of the country.

The Rev. B. Gregory said in certain districts bookmakers paid the rent of several cottages in order that when the detectives came they might have a city of refuge. Now that the bookmaker had been driven from the streets he had his agents in the workshops and factories, and there were mills where the foreman was the bookmaker and the mill girls were his clients.

The evil had even spread to the inside of the churches, said Mr. Gregory. A Lancashire man told a well-known minister recently that he knew personally of a case in which two youths, regular members of a congregation, made a bet upon the amount of the anniversary collection. According to the Rev. Mr. Gregory, it would seem that the Street Betting Act has apparently driven the gambling evil into the Irwell Street Mission Hall. This is even worse than we expected.

There are a few cases in which things are better done in France. There you may enter a shop and turn over everything, and no one is a bit cross if you go empty away. You may even take away goods and return them if you don't like them when you get home. Such an attitude pays, because it encourages people to come in, and, once in, they may espy something they like; whereas, if they know they are going to be bullied into buying things they do not want, they will remain away. Miss Black, in her excellent book on "Sweated Industry," tells us that "there are shops," in London, "where failure to effect a sale, if it occurs three times running, means dismissal." Such a state of things is not only cruel to the assistants, who may fail even when doing their best to sell rubbish, but suicidal from the point of view of the shopkeeper. No one should ever enter a shop again, if pestered to purchase.

Sir Lepel Griffin has views on the Chinaman which we cannot be expected to appreciate. The other day he expressed the wish that a strong force of Chinese labourers could be introduced into England to take the place of the British workmen who take a week to do a day's job, smoke in our drawing-rooms, flirt with our servants, and then go away and leave their bad work to be done over again. It may be admitted that the British workman at his worst is about the most disappointing biped on earth. He wastes his time, scamps his job, and, it may be, talks of love to the housemaid; but the British workman at his best has not an equal under the sky. Happily, too, there are many more good workmen than there are bad, and on such bad as there are the yellow man would certainly be no improvement. Added to this, his morals are horrid. Possibly Sir Lepel Griffin meant to be sarcastic; "instead of which" all the newspapers are treating his observations as if he were incurably silly. The secret of Sir Lepel Griffin's outburst may be that he has been undergoing house cleaning, and has been trying to economise unduly on the contract. He cannot expect the pick of British workmen at the price of toffy. "My dear madam," said the benevolent-looking vestry clerk to the great lady who called to complain of the language of the dustmen, "it *is* so difficult to get gentlemen to undertake that class of work."

The joys and sorrows of this life are as you take them, and some people never seem able to distinguish between the one and the other. Now at first sight you might suppose that when a man is suddenly presented by the wife of his bosom with triplets, he would immediately go to the piano, or reach down the old banjo, or attune the family lyre and play hymns of praise and psalms of thanksgiving; whereas, when the news was announced to a Clerkenwell man the other day, he immediately left the happy home and took to drink. "It was all on account of the triplets," he explained to the magistrates, after the police had gathered him in, and apparently out of sympathy with him they discharged him, without a stain on his character. We hope this action on their part is not to be regarded as a precedent. Let it be distinctly understood that neither twins nor triplets can be accepted as a valid excuse in law for wild and reckless inebriety.

Bogus plots for the assassination of monarchs are an old, but not infallible device for the restoration of departed popularity. Incidentally, they afford a pretext for casting the leaders of the Opposition into prison. We confess we should require a great deal of evidence to convince us that any sane person has had any idea of killing Dom Carlos, the occupant of the Portuguese throne. He is himself doing the work of his enemies so thoroughly that they have no need to push him over the precipice.

We observe that various individuals have commenced the season's entertainments by attempting to swim the Channel, first from this side and then from the other—either for fame, or for the good of their health, or in order to lay up treasure on earth. In any case, they can always rely on the Channel being there when they want it—all ready for use. All they have to do at any time is to grease themselves all over, jump in, and strike out for France, with a cookery kitchen on one side of them and a boat full of newspaper correspondents on

the other. If, sustained by the cookery kitchen and cheered by the correspondents, they reach the other side without touching wood, they get a medal and a paragraph stating they were fed all the while on somebody's renowned fluid beef. If they think they will drown when six miles from shore, they put up their hands. In an instant they are hauled up out of the vasty deep, re-arrive at Dover after sleeping a restful sleep, and then wake up and announce to the reporters that, thanks to the chicken, or the brandy, or the fluid beef, or the chops of the Channel, they are as well as ever, and that to-morrow they will again swim the deep —provided the water is not too cold and the weather is suitable. What we like about all these Channel swimmers, from Holbein downwards, is their cheery optimism. We should never want to enter France ourselves if we had to swim there, for we like a dry journey; but these swimmers mind the wet not at all, and if they don't reach France to-day, they start out again to-morrow or the day after, just as chirpy as if they expected to get there.

AT THE END OF THE SESSION.

The voter met his Member, and asked humbly: "Has anything been done for me?" And the Member said, "My good fellow, you are going to be restored to the farm from which you were unjustly evicted." "But I'm not an Irishman," cried the voter. "Then under the new regulations you'll be able to get out of gaol a little sooner, and to appeal." "But I've never been in gaol, and don't want to go," said the voter modestly. "Then your deceased wife's sister can marry you." And the voter, recollecting that his D.W.S. was Robusta, the female Sandow, who lifted heavy weights at music-halls, fled right speedily to a very far country.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 363.

For allowing "many old men" in the Cuckfield Workhouse to remain unwashed and unbathed for a year,

THE CUCKFIELD GUARDIANS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 364.

For heading its financial article "Markets Steady but Irregular,"

THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 365.

For stating in the report of an inquest that the police officers made a splendid "towing net" for an injured man's leg (instead of "tourniquet"),

THE *CROYDON ADVERTISER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 366.

For relating that a football "got under a two-ton roller, and it did not injure it in any way,"

MR. G. H. DALE
(Hon. Sec. Glossop Football Club)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 367.

For stating in a leading article on August 5th that "London is really empty," and asserting in the same issue that "London is by no means empty to-day,"

THE *EVENING STANDARD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 368.

For stating in the Daily Mail *that Miss Denise Orme first met her husband eighteen months ago at a "private dance," and in the* Evening News *that the first meeting was at an "afternoon tea,"*

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, D.N.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.

WIDESPREAD INDIGNATION.

From a large number of letters that have reached us since it was first announced that Mr. Stewart was to be appointed Public Trustee, the following extracts are made :—

From a Croydon correspondent :—

"Specific statements constantly appeared in the press, that Mr. Stewart was placed in a position of much difficulty and embarrassment in winding up the New Zealand Investment Company, because Mundella, then President of the Board of Trade, had been one of the directors. It was insinuated that Mundella was using his high official position to prevent his examination on the subject, though he declared, on his honour, that he had said and done nothing of the kind, but wished the law to take its course. The Judge fully exonerated him; but Mundella told me it was his death-blow. He resigned from the Cabinet, and soon after died, broken-hearted. Doubtless you are aware that Mr. Stewart would not be advised or guided in the Liberator matter, but exercised his despotic power by flooding the market with hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of land and houses, with the result that they did not realise a tenth of their actual value. The miserable shareholders got nothing, but had to pay up their full liability. If the properties had been judiciously nursed they could have been disposed of by private contract to advantage. The Lands Allotment Company and the House and Land Investment Trust, in particular, were absolutely solvent.

"You know better than myself, and far better than others, Stewart's objectionable spirit and methods while Official Receiver. He relinquished that post for the L.C.C. clerkship at £2,000, but threw that up after two or three years of dismal failure to take the Allsopp chairmanship at £3,000. Now that the crash seems impending, he is to be jobbed into the office of Public Trustee.

"It is nothing short of a scandal that a man who left the public service twelve years ago for his own purposes should now be brought back to fill a lucrative position, for the duties of which he is notoriously incompetent."

From a shareholder in Allsopp's :—

"As an original holder of £200 Deferred Stock in S. Allsopp and Sons, bought at par, reduced £80 during Mr. C. J. Stewart's chairmanship, market value now about £5, I am writing to thank you for opposing Mr. Stewart's appointment as Public Trustee. I agree with you that the man for that position should have a good record. I may say that I have worked hard since I was ten years of age—fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and part of that time seven days a week in the grocery and licensed trade, to earn the money which I was practically robbed of. . . . I have troubled you with these few details to show how hard it is for small investors like myself to lose their savings of hard-earned money in firms like Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons. Wishing you every success in your opposition to Mr. C. J. Stewart as Public Trustee."

From a well-known solicitor :—

"Your article *re* Public Trustee is very good! You have not gone far enough, however. You should have pointed out that the Public Trustee should be a man with a training in the Chancery Courts, which have to administer Trusts, also that there is great resentment in the profession at the appointment, and that to appoint an unpopular man to such a post will damn the Act at its birth; people will have no confidence, and it is very desirable that the first appointment should be one which would command universal respect, and thus popularise the new office."

Another solicitor writes :—

"Does Mr. Stewart intend to reinstate his dupes, Messrs. F. C. Wheeler and H. Mead Taylor, in a job when he starts on his new appointment? These gentlemen, who were his trusty followers at 33, Carey Street, were taken away from their official tasks and given substantial salaries at Messrs. Allsopp's, notwithstanding their having no previous experience. In due course their services were dispensed with, as were those of Mr. C. J. Stewart."

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
RED WHITE & BLUE
For Breakfast & after Dinner

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT.—II.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

The Orders of the Day.

You will remember that we left the House, last week, just settling down to the Orders of the Day.

"The Clerk," says Mr. Speaker, "will proceed to read the Orders of the Day"; whereupon Sir Courtenay Ilbert, the principal Clerk, reads out the name of the first Bill standing upon the Paper.

"Catching the Speaker's Eye."

We will assume that the first Order is a Government Bill. Its title having been read out by the Clerk, the Minister in charge of it, either formally or in a speech, moves its Second Reading. That is the stage at which the general principle involved in the measure, as distinguished from detail, comes up for discussion. You observe, therefore, that half a dozen or more jump up in their places and remain standing until the Speaker calls upon one of them. This is termed "catching the Speaker's eye," and, incidentally, you will notice that the Speaker is the only person who refers to any Member by his name. You will also not fail to note that whenever a Front Bench man, above the gangway, rises, he is called upon in preference to a purely private Member. This is a practice which is much resented amongst the rank and file. There may be something to be said in favour of giving priority to a Minister or to an ex-Minister with special knowledge of the matter before the House, but, subject to this qualification, I think Mr. Speaker might consider the propriety of ignoring the tradition. You will also notice that one by one the Members begin to walk out of the House. Some are wanted by deputations, or constituents; some wish to look up the subject under discussion, and adjourn to the Library; some wish to think it over in the Smoke-room, and others to discuss it in the Lobby. To all of these legitimate desires no obstacle exists; it is only when an unpatriotic Member wishes to escape from the House that he finds difficulties in his way.

The Whips.

These officials are the outgrowth of our Party System (as to which "more anon"). They are charged with the duty of "keeping a House," of seeing that their Party is not caught napping by "Snap" Divisions, and, in the case of the Government, of always having at hand a sufficient number of supporters to ensure a decent majority on any Party vote. They are in the House, in the Lobby, and at the Members' exit; and the awe they inspire in the breasts of the ordinary, conventional Party hacks—the gentlemen who, as Mr. Runciman would say, don't know what the Government view is upon any particular subject, but, "whatever it is, agree with it"—is remarkable. In the obfuscated minds of these Parliamentary schoolboys there lurks an idea that if they are good children and do as they are told, and don't ask questions, they will get some good conduct marks, and perhaps a little prize to take home at the end of the Session. It will be gathered that the Whips of all Parties should be men of tact, plausibility, persuasiveness, and personal charm. The chief Government Whip is Mr. George Whiteley, and he is known as the Patronage Secretary.

"Division."

But we are digressing. Let us get back to the debate. It has now been in progress some time, and at length "the Question is put." Rising from his seat, the Speaker says, "The question is, that this Bill be now read a Second time; those who are of that opinion say 'Aye.'" Whereupon a loud shout of "Aye" comes from the Government benches. "On the contrary, 'No,'" continues Mr. Speaker, and a roar of "Noes" rends the air. "I think the 'Ayes' have it," says the Speaker. "The 'Noes' have it," shout the malcontents. "Clear the Lobby," comes the command from the Chair, with a glance at the Serjeant-at-Arms and his attendants. And then a pause for a few minutes, during which come yells of "Divis-ion" from all the constables in all the corridors; bells ring in all the rooms; Whips rush backward and forward, and ultimately take up their positions at the door of the House and the entrances to the Division Lobbies, and Members come running in from all parts—some with their mouths full of food, others with half-smoked cigars concealed in their hands, most of them quite out of breath, and many of them half out of their minds. "Which are *we*?" is the general question addressed to the Whips; others are more inquisitive, and will ask, "What's it all about?" But the majority will simply follow the direction indicated by his Whip's finger, happy in the knowledge that he is giving a loyal, if somewhat Runcimanian, support to his Party. In the meantime, the Speaker has "put the Question" again, and all the same ceremony has been repeated, with the addition that the Speaker now says, "'Ayes' to the right, 'Noes' to the left. Tellers for the 'Ayes,' Mr. Whiteley and Mr. Pease (the two principal Government Whips)—tellers for the 'Noes,' Sir Alexander Acland Hood and Lord Valentia (the principal Opposition Whips)." Then, one by one, Members pass through the Division Lobbies, their names being ticked off by Division Clerks, and their numbers being counted by two rival Whips as, with a bow, they emerge. Until quite recently "Strangers" had to withdraw from the Gallery whilst Divisions were proceeding, but they now remain. You may, therefore, witness the return of such of the Members as care to resume their legislative duties, and you may see the Tellers, with stately bows, approach the Table and announce the result of the Division, which is then handed to the Clerk, and by him to the Speaker, who reads it out again, adding, "So the 'Ayes' (or the 'Noes') have it." Then comes the next Order of the Day, and the picture is repeated.

"Closure" and "Count-out."

We have assumed, in the above sketch, that matters have taken a normal course, and that no attempt at either the "Closure" or a "Count-out" has been made. The former is a device for putting an end to weary discussion and waste of time, and takes the form of a motion, which may be made by any Member, at any time, but without argument or debate: "Mr. Speaker, I beg to move that the question be now put." If the Speaker thinks the motion justified, he at once rises and puts it from the Chair; if not, he ignores it, and the discussion proceeds without interruption. But if the motion to closure the debate be put, it must be carried by at least a hundred members. A "Count-out" is a method of bringing the proceedings of the House to an end, if there are not forty Members present. It is seldom effective, as the Speaker always adjourns for a short time to allow the requisite quorum to be obtained.

"Who goes Home?"

It is now eleven o'clock, and whatever debate is in progress must be adjourned. But the remainder of the Orders of the Day are read out by the Clerk, and only such as are unopposed may be taken—all the rest being carried forward to a future date. Then the Speaker puts the question "That this House do now adjourn"—which opens the door for any Member to call attention to any subject of importance which may be weighing on his mind. Unless, however, it be one of very special interest, he will have but a sorry audience, for everybody is anxious to get off. Thus the Speaker is invariably able to at once declare that "The 'Ayes' have it," and to vacate the chair. Then a weird cry of "Who goes home?" falls upon our ears. It is a cry which has come down from past ages, when there was neither electricity nor gas to light the weary legislator home, and he was compelled to seek the protection of a faithful torch-bearer against footpads and other primitive forbears of the Man in the Street.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

A School for Dramatists.

A School for Saints we have had—in fiction only. A School for Actors we have—several of them, in fact; now we are to have a School for Dramatists, perhaps, if we are good. When I say "we," I mean the English people. The Americans, who are the worst playwrights in the world, have more than one such school now in existence, I believe. I am told that they guarantee to turn you out a finished dramatist in so many lessons for fifty dollars—payable in advance. After you have become sufficiently finished as a playwright, I understand, the same beneficent institutions are willing to finish you on the same terms in various other directions—as a lawyer or a doctor, a "gum architect" (Yankee for dentist), or a compounder of noxious drugs. You may also get a diploma from these firms as a drummer (*Anglice*, commercial traveller), as a writer of advertisements, or leading articles, or as a planter of cabbages or a clipper of fruit trees. It is a great country is America, and, as the Doe-eyed Daisies reminded us lately, it is a land of progressive methods in education. We lag very far behind, but we may pull up a bit—and sit up a great deal more—if we get a real genuine School for Dramatists.

Our Shocking Bad Plays.

That something ought to be done, no one who goes to our theatres much can doubt. Maybe, as Miss Gertrude Kingston told us lately in one of the monthly reviews, many good plays are spoilt by bad stage-management; and certainly some are not improved materially by their acting. But most bad plays are bad simply because they are born bad. Can our aspiring playwrights be taught to write better plays? I doubt it; but I see no harm in a School for Dramatists that would, at least, give them the chance. The difficulty is that your dramatist, your bad dramatist, is the most unteachable ass on earth. If we except some half a dozen of the best, the brains of all our playmakers would not furnish one good second-rate novelist. They have no original ideas, and very little knowledge of the world or commonsense. The would-be dramatists are even worse. Those who need the School of Dramatists the most would be the last to entertain the idea of going to that school. You may drag a budding Shakespeare to the very steps of the fount of pure wisdom; you may shove instruction under his nose; but will he drink of the goodly thing? Mr. Cyril Maude says that 400 new plays are sent to him every year. "Of these less than 10 per cent. are suitable for production," he adds. I should have thought the percentage would have been much lower. "In this small percentage," says Mr. Maude, "the necessary technical knowledge of play-writing is nearly always absent." No doubt! But what would the authors of this percentage say were Mr. Maude to advise them to "go to school"? They might retort upon him, rudely, saying, "Go to——" well, "the Play-house"!

How to Write Good Plays.

My remedy would be collaboration by the author with some practised actor of the new type, blended with a careful selection at Messrs. French's of a poundsworth of acting versions of Shaw, Jones, and Pinero plays and their astute study. Mr. Maude's remedy is a School for Dramatists, with lectures at the Playhouse "by the acknowledged masters of the present-day stage." In a sense not meant by Mr. Maude, those masters are the suburban misses and their young men and the West End matrons and their old men. On them the British drama of to-day is based, and they it must please if it would live well enough to pay all the expenses of the modern theatre—most onerous of them all the ground landlord. The "masters" referred to by Mr. Maude have more to learn than to tell; and the best of them could impart verbally no more than a few stale tricks of which the growing body of intelligent playgoers are tired already and new dramatists are better without. Half a dozen leading critics might be able to tell the novitiate dramatist what to avoid, but when they become constructive and write plays as they think plays should be written, invariably those plays are not the catch of the season. I repeat that I see no harm in a School for Dramatists, but I cannot say that I see very much good in it. Gradually a better class of man is beginning to write for the English stage; and if the public and the Press are ready for their work—and the managers will accept it—the alleged lack of see-able and play-able dramas will not persist very long in England. Meanwhile, perhaps someone will start a School for Managers. It is needed badly—as all would-be dramatists will tell you.

Didactic Melodrama.

It is a long time since I have laughed so much over any public controversy as I have done over the bogus fisticuffs of Mr. Hall Caine and the Press on the subject of the moral effect of his rehashed version of "The Christian." Of course, "The Christian" (new style or old) will have no effect whatever, moral or otherwise, except on the fat bank balance of Mr. Caine, that is, save in so far as all foolish plays help to degrade the currency of the stage and all absurd discussions to debauch the public mind. I take Mr. Caine's sincerity as read, and admit that Messrs. Smith and Carpenter had no other aim in staging "The Christian" than to abolish the Strange Woman from our land. This is to be done, it seems, with a sort of light cure, run by West End clergymen. Is the Imperial promenade gaily lighted; is Leicester Square a blaze of arcs; does the Lounge show alarming extravagance in plush hangings; and the Globe bedeck its supper-tables too prettily? Then Mr. Hall Caine and Father Vaughan and the ritualistic curate must get hold of a large West End mansion—a very palace—and light it more loudly than the promenade, and hang it more cosily than the Lounge, and have prettier tables than the Globe; and—the Wicked Sisters will flock in to be saved. In the vernacular of the ladies in question, "I *don't* think." Probably, on wet evenings, when the streets were murky and they felt a little "dull and down," and cash was short, the Home of Refuge would be crowded. Then the Caine Order of Curates would find its hands full. Many of the "Women of the Underworld" might drop in to supper often at the Home—if the curates were *very* nice. But let Mr. Caine pause and think. Is harlotry an evil that can be cured by electric light, and the substitution of conventional, happy surroundings for the Bohemian "pals" of "the old life" on the one hand, or the model laundry of the "rescuer" on the other?

A Big Problem.

It is the oldest profession in the world; and its recruits enter it and stay in it—especially stay in it—for a hundred different and complex reasons; some psychological, some physiological, some economic, some even moral and self-sacrificing. Its cure cannot be discussed profitably on the stage of the ordinary theatre—at least, not by writers so utterly lacking alike in knowledge and tact as Mr. Caine. In Mr. Shaw's fine play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" (where the sex subjection problem is attacked with some insight and power), one of the characters says that there is "a sort of freemasonry amongst wicked people," among those generally regarded as bad. That, perhaps, is why some of us whose acquaintance with the *femme du pavé* is no deeper than that of the average bishop or bombardier are wicked enough to sympathise, and even seem to understand the Woman in Scarlet so much better than the unco-guid can ever do. I should like Mr. Caine to propound his cure for the Social Evil to some of my medical friends down Tottenham Court Road way. He would be astonished by their comments; he might or might not be edified. Accidental harlotry (the harlotry of the servant-girl class) can be prevented largely, not cured, by economic and educational measures; but this is only part of the problem. What of the hereditary and temperamental sorts—the more prevalent sorts in all the great cities of the world? This section of harlotry is a disease—or perhaps one should say the survival of tastes that are no longer respectable; it alone accounts for the faithless mistress whose hairdresser enjoys her hospitality at the music-hall, and the faithless wife whose bridge debts are paid by the Kaffir magnate. These women will not fall to the electric light lure of Mr. Caine, except, maybe, as a new sensation, a temporary change; and it is in their semi-moral moments of emotional exploration that the born rebels against "feminine monogamy" are the most dangerous. Mr. Caine should consider Chicago May and be wise. He may never understand her so fully as Monsieur Guerin did. But with perseverance he should recognise that she and her like are beyond the curative scope of Lyceum melodrama and its quackish remedies. Men of the Hall Caine, mental and spiritual, constitution, it seems to me, know less than nothing about women of any kind. Certainly, the author of "The Christian" is just as much at sea in his aspersions on the women of musical comedy as in his prescription of Lamplough's Pyretic Lamplight for prostitution, and his waste of crocodile tears over the spoilt darlings of Soho. Still, there is money in "The Christian" up-to-date.

P.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

We have printed some very artistic John Bull postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF RELIGIOUS PHILANTHROPY.

How the Treasury Might Gain Half a Million Yearly and Protect the Public.

By "Critic."

The business side of religious philanthropy is perhaps rather a comprehensive title to apply to an article confined to the small space at my disposal; but it forms the most appropriate description that occurs to me, under which to bring forward my plea for the Governmental registration and inspection of the many hundreds of religious and so-called charitable societies appealing to the public for what is commonly called "voluntary" support. To justify this plea it will perhaps be necessary to take the operations and practices of a single society as a case in point; but before doing so I would allay any readers' fears that the suggested registration and inspection of such societies would add to the already heavy burden of the general taxpayer. The fact is not, I think, generally appreciated that the London Post Office Directory alone contains a list of upwards of two thousand societies and organisations subject to no form of Governmental registration, yet all existing by the contributions they extort from the charitable and easily gulled public. This number, of course, is exclusive of the friendly societies, which are registered by the "Registrar of Friendly Societies." London alone containing two thousand of these self-constituted societies, it is not too much to estimate the total for the United Kingdom as at least four times that number.

That the time has come when the charitable public are sorely in need of some protection from scheming and unscrupulous bodies, and some guarantee that their contributions reach the objects for which they are subscribed, is almost too apparent to need proof. We all remember the case of the Navy League, which spends over a third of its staple income on the salaries of its officials. Now particulars of a far stronger case against a religious society are available. In dealing with this particular organisation, which is a Church of England one belonging to the Low Church School, I would emphasise the fact that its party character has nothing whatever to do with my remarks, many of which would, I regret to say, apply equally well to societies formed to "promote" opposite views. "The National Protestant Church Union," as this organisation was self-styled, a few months ago brought itself prominently before the public by its announced amalgamation with the "Church of England League"—another society of a similar character. The object of the National Protestant Church Union was stated by itself to be "to promote the principles of the Reformation, as set forth in the Prayer-Book and Articles of the Church of England." To that I have nothing to say, except that that being the avowed object of the society, contributions should be devoted to that "object." Possibly the officials of this society, like those of some others, regard this as quite a minor matter; but I think I am right in suggesting that the subscribers believe they are promoting the principles referred to. At the risk of shocking my readers' feelings I have to say that the officials of societies—whether paid or "honorary"—are really paid, and paid well, too. In fact, they pay themselves. Further, I regret to say that its leading speakers and preachers are mostly clergy noted among their brethren for their eloquence, zeal, single-heartedness, and unselfishness in the cause of "Evangelical Truth." The staff of the Union—by which I mean its clerks, secretaries, etc.—are men whose only work consists of agitating the public on various religious questions to induce them to give money to support certain views, which money eventually finds its way into the pockets of the staff, the preachers, the lecturers, and the usual hangers-on to such organisations. I do not mean to suggest that none of the money is spent on the avowed object, but the following figures from the accounts of the Union will show what I mean, though these are only the published ones, and conceal the delightful disbursements on which are termed "Honorariums." To these I shall later refer. The subscriptions for twelve months amount, in the last account of the "National Protestant Church Union" I have been able to secure, to £1,040, and donations to £1,514. Now, the first of these items is the working reliable income of the society, donations being an unreliable sum which some years would fall probably to only one hundred or two. Thus, then, the subscribers are paying some £1,040 per annum to "promote the principles of the Reformation as set forth in the Prayer-Book and Articles of the Church of England." I turn to the expenditure side of the accounts, and find the simple, comprehensive item "By Salaries"—£930.

Simple subtraction :—

Subscriptions	£1,040
Salaries	930
Balance "to promote the Principles," etc.	£110

So it takes nearly 90 per cent. of the subscriptions to spend £110 on promoting the objects of the society. Fortunately for its officials it is able to extort a good many donations, branch societies' contributions, etc., so that with the collections at meetings and in churches it is able to get in about £3,000 during the year. Some of the expenditure items are interesting. "Postages £121" shows the extent of the begging letters, as also does "Printing and Stationery £255." There are two other printing items, viz., "Printing 'Church Standard' (a small quarterly pamphlet) £105"; "Printing books and pamphlets £169"; so that printing altogether comes to £587—a tidy proportion of the income. But a more suggestive item is "Cost of Meetings, Lectures, and Classes, including Rent of Hall, Advertisin, and Expenses of Deputations, £647." A foot-note helps to elucidate this: "It should be noted that these sums do not represent the whole amount spent by the Union upon lectures and other work, but only expenses directly incurred by the Central Office, the local branches having defrayed largely, and in some cases entirely, the cost of their own work." Quite so. As a matter of fact, excepting the cost of the three or four central meetings, the great bulk of this £647 was spent in "Honorariums." Honorariums are a very important feature in all these kinds of societies. They supply the means of keeping the committee favourable to the staff. Supposing at a committee meeting a criticism is passed on one of the staff, that member who made the remark may be induced to cease his criticism by asking him to give a course of six lectures or sermons at, say, Folkestone or Clifton, for which he is granted two guineas and full expenses each, making twelve guineas and expenses. The expenses include rail fare both ways for each lecture, which are generally a week apart, and hotel expenses. By putting the railway charges to-annum, and, for the purposes of easy calculation, that the instead of going into an hotel, this member of the committee is enabled to have a nice six weeks' holiday free of cost, and pocket money besides, all in return for giving half-a-dozen old "back number" sermons.

From the case I have taken—and it is typical of many—it will be seen how necessary it really is that the public should receive some guarantee as to the *bonâ-fides* of societies appealing for pecuniary support, and I venture to think that the managements of rightly-conducted bodies would be among the first to welcome a Governmental system of registration and audit, for which a certain fixed fee in ratio to the income would be levied. There are but few societies of much use in the country having an income of much less than £500 per annum, and therefore I would suggest an inclusive tax of 5 per cent. on the gross income, with a minimum of £25. This would weed out the useless bodies by itself, and the system of public audit would quickly dispose of the irregularities prevailing in the larger organisations. It will perhaps be contended that a 5 per cent. basis is too high. To that I reply that if a society with a gross annual income of only some £2,700 can pay £930 of it away in salaries alone it can afford £135 towards guaranteeing to the public the need of its existence and its correct management.

The directories of the leading principal towns show me that, roughly speaking, there are nearly five times as many societies all over the United Kingdom as there are in London alone. But suppose, to be on the safe side, I put an estimate as follows:—

Societies in London	2,000
All other societies in the United Kingdom	6,000
Total	8,000

A minimum registration fee of £25 per society would produce £200,000. Inquiry into the gross incomes of fifty societies taken haphazard from the London Directory shows that twenty-seven of these had incomes of over £2,000 and twenty-three incomes under that sum. I will take it, then, that half the existing societies—namely 4,000—would be liable to an additional £75—a total of £100 or more per annum, and, for the purposes of easy calculation, that the other half of the societies have incomes of only £500 or less. (As a matter of fact nearly 2,000 of them reach to an income of £1,000 at least.) The 4,000 with over £2,000 per annum would give a return of £400,000—and 4,000 with £500 or under would contribute £100,000—a clear total addition to the national revenue of half a million annually. It will be observed that I have taken no account of the huge fees from the great societies, or of the additional fees from those with incomes between £500 and £2,000. These together would probably produce as much again.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE EAST END.

By Herbert Vivian.

"On the Wall: Joan and I in the East End." By Richard Free. (London: John Lane, 1907. Price 6s.)

Mr. Free evidently knows his East End very well. He has learned to understand the inhabitants, and does full justice to their many charms, while he is generously indulgent to their frank faults. In the form of autobiographical sketches by a parson, he has produced a series of exquisite little cameos, wherein humour is blended with pathos and vivified with the realism of a shrewd observer. Gently, almost unconsciously, he also contrives to convey biting sarcasms at the expense of shams, and his criticisms are rendered all the more effective by his imperturbable good nature.

Fishers of Men.

Perhaps he is most successful in his illustration of the methods of "the two and seventy jarring sects," who compete for the capture of souls.

> Tim was one of the first lads I "got hold of." His father was a drunkard; his mother was a slut. They passed a repulsive existence in the dim and slimy depths.

Tim was discovered under the altar during a celebration of the Holy Communion.

> A queer little figure he was, with a red shirt frayed at the neck, tattered knickerbockers owning liberal ventilation at the knees and in the rear. From that day forth Tim became Joan's most devoted cavalier. [Joan was the parson's sister.] He went barelegged and hatless, and was as picturesque and attractive as a child could be. That black hair of his hung in thick curls to his shoulders, and his eyes were as the vault of night. . . . Meanwhile, all the lady "workers" were doing their best to spoil him. They admired his pretty face; they raved about his lips; his eyes were a "dream"; his curls—they had no word for his curls . . . Then the eviction came, and Tim entered upon the second stage of his career.

An House-Ogre.

A big manufacturer, named Spittenberg, desiring to enlarge his works, swept away fifty little houses, including Tim's.

> The factory was bulging outward, like some gluttonous brute, swallowing the homes of the poor as it grew. At the far end of the dismantled dwellings, regarding the ruin of their homes with dry, tearless eyes, stood two women, whose husbands had been killed in the war.
>
> "Which devour widows' houses," I said, realising the meaning of the words for the first time.
>
> "And for a pretence make long prayers," Joan added, recalling the fact that Spittenberg was a devout religionist.

For a time Tim made his home with the parson. From a winsome little boy he suddenly became a sullen and precocious youth. As the outward and visible sign of his change, he cut his curls.

> It was pitiful. The nuns dissolved into tears; Miss Cripps, of the Dominus Tecum Palæstra for Refractory Factory Girls, spoilt the roly-poly pudding which she was busy making; and the Frater at the Friary said a wicked word.
>
> Then the race began—the race for the soul of Tim.

A Soul as Shuttlecock.

Father O'Pobelli, the Roman Catholic priest, gave him "jam of two kinds, pickles of one, cake of one, and of Nestlé's milk as much as he listed." Cigars also after their kind. So Tim joined the Romans because, as he wrote to Mr. Cray, "they gives us a jolly sight more in holy church than wot you blooming Protestants do." Then came "the winter of the Great Distress," and the Nonconformists gave away food tickets. Tim obtained "a married man's ticket—wife and not less than five children," and sold it for 1s. 8d. Coffee, cigarettes, and a gramophone also appealed to him, and he announced that he had found religion: "Wot I wants and wot I gets now is the simple Gawspel." Frater Josephus now bribed him back to the Church, and we have a very funny scene when Tim robbed him of his girdle. Next

> Miss Cripps, of the Dominus Tecum, "got hold of" Tim. She gave him odds and ends for his body, and for his soul back numbers of the *Church Times*. . . . He learnt to anathematise Protestantism, whether of the Anglican form or of the Little Bethel variety. . . . He acquired the art of confessing the hankerings of his prurient little soul to a young man scarce older than himself, whose mind was already—God help him!—a charnel-house.

At last he became a Secularist, and practised "free love." Joan moved him so much by her remonstrances that he went home and hanged himself with the Frater's stolen girdle. Here, as in most of Mr. Free's sketches, our credulity is taxed by the dénouement. After enjoying a realistic narrative, which carries conviction all through, we are suddenly confronted by an improbable sensation, which shatters our faith in what has gone before. Nor is Mr. Free very successful with the opening of his chapters. He is a bad starter, and needs schooling at the gate. But, once he is off, he is graceful and easy and natural.

An Angel Unawares.

There is a delicious account of a visit from a lady journalist. Mr. Free opens it with some silly banter between Cray and Joan about simple arithmetic. Then we are introduced to a fascinating damsel, who has come on behalf of a paper called *The Swift*. She is most sympathetic, almost affectionate. She places "her little gloved hand" on Mr. Cray's while he toys with a paper-knife. Her voice trembles with tears. She tells wonderful fairy-tales about the vast services her articles have rendered to other clergymen in poor parishes. After taking all sorts of photographs, she departs, faithfully promising to submit a proof. Cray makes a great point of seeing a proof, as it has taken him years to build up the confidence of his flock, and he dreads the possibility of any misunderstanding. The young lady assures him that she understands completely, and that she sincerely trusts her humble efforts will bring him "not only grist but glory." No proof comes, but one fine day he receives a copy of *The Swift*.

> I was the first to see the advertisement blazoned in heavy type on the top of the cover—
>
> "Riverwall.—Extraordinary Revelations. Drink, Disease and Crime. Indictment by the Vicar of St. Heribert. (See Page 745.)
>
> Joan was the first to light upon the article on page 745, and she read out the opening sentences in an amazed voice:—
>
> "Rarely are the clergy to be found sufficiently courageous to denounce the degradation of their own parishes. The Rev. Edward Cray, Vicar of St. Heribert's, Riverwall, is a remarkable exception to the rule. He does not find it incompatible with his holy calling to speak his mind. In a conversation with our representative, which is reproduced in this article, he has attacked in unequivocal terms the manners and morals of his flock, holding up to the censure of civilised London the darkest of its many dark spots. How far the reverend gentleman has been wise in thus giving expression to what one is bound, in deference to his cloth, to believe to be an honest expression of the facts of the case, it is not for us to say."
>
> The young lady had done her work well. By some means, mechanical or diabolical, she had superimposed one picture upon another, borrowing unscrupulously from sundry sources and producing the most astonishing results. Here I was represented in the act of admonishing a quarrelsome couple with my fists. There I was to be seen, with Samaritan-like tenderness, helping home a brother suffering severely from the effects of alcoholic poisoning. In another place I appeared in surplice and stole in the pulpit of St. Heribert's, preaching to an excited mob of frantic and ragged ruffianism.
>
> Dazed and stupefied, I perused the whole of the article. . . . Everything I had said to that wretched lady journalist had been twisted and turned from its meaning so persistently, or exaggerated so recklessly, as to leave me speechless with indignation and horror. . . For example:—
>
> "Our Representative: Do I understand you to say that yours is the worst parish in London?"
>
> "The Reverend Edward Cray: Undoubtedly. Other parishes may be black in patches. St. Heribert's is black all over."
>
> "O. R.: Are you making any headway?"
>
> "Rev. E. C.: None whatever. In fact, I think the place is worse than when I came. The days are hideous enough, but the nights are—*infernal*."
>
> (N.B.—The reverend gentleman used a word which cannot be reproduced here.)
>
> "O. R.: I presume, nevertheless, that the people are grateful to you for your self-sacrificing life among them?
>
> "Rev. E. C.: Grateful? You might as well expect tin cans to be grateful. They are incapable of gratitude."
>
> I clenched my fists. I gnashed my teeth. I grinned. Joan says I grinned. It must have been horrible, that grin.

Cray and Joan wonder what they shall do. Instead of taking the obvious course and suing *The Swift* for libel, they give a party and invite all those who were likely to see the paper. The party was a great success, and they hear no more about the matter! Another lame and impotent conclusion.

Altogether Admirable.

As a whole, however, the book is very good indeed. I have read it with real pleasure, and could fill many pages with specimens of its wit and wisdom. I hope everyone will read it, if only to make acquaintance with the sturdy qualities, the endurance, the self-sacrifice, the comradeship, and the high spirits of the London poor.

SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?

By Rudfort V. Aymsdel.

IV.—MORE TITLES TO EXEMPT; AND MORE TO TAX.

In America they have a saying, "The Chinese must go." If we do not have soon, in this country, a cry, "Titles must be taxed," it will only be because the mass of the people will not have yet realised the justice of Mr. Horatio Bottomley's proposal, and how much good could be done with the money that the taxation of titles would bring in.

Before proceeding to show what titles should be taxed, and how and why, let me clear the ground by naming a few more that should "go free." Details as to the amount of money the new tax could be justly made to bring in, also as to what great benefit to the struggling classes of the community (the middle classes and the working-classes) that money could easily be made to yield, must be reserved for later.

The "Rev." or "Pastor" of the Free Church ministry may, I would suggest, go untaxed with the "Rev." of our friend, the curate. "Rev." should, in my judgment, only be taxed where it is held by the men who take the pay of one church and do the work of another—to wit, by Romanists in Disguise (*alias* Ritualists), who live by "obtaining money under false pretences."

Women hold a rank equivalent to that of their titled husband or brother. As I have said, we cannot, in reason, tax the titles of titled women in general. However, women like Baronesses *in their own right* may reasonably, I think, be made an exception, and required to pay.

A couple of years or so since, a woman brought an action in the Leeds County Court. She gave as her Christian names, Princess Beatrice. Her brother bore the forenames Baron Rothschild; and it was explained that the father, a publican and a sporting enthusiast, had named all his sons after prominent sportsmen. Who could propose the taxation of "titles" like this "Princess" and this "Baron"?

Whether the involuntary holders of titles among that family are in the habit of using their "front" names in full, I do not know. Nor do I know whether a gentleman named King Malcolm is in the habit of using his forename. Many thousands of persons, however, will remember a grocer who carried on business not far from Mr. Horatio Bottomley's constituency, and whose name, Laud Kennett, figured, in full, over the window of his establishment. His "Majesty" King Malcolm, and his "laudship" we may safely leave to the enjoyment of *their* "titles" untaxed.

Of course, people with what I may call "titled *surnames*" could not hide them if they would. I allude to the holders of patronymics like Peer, Earl, Lord, etc. Persons, however, of the kind of our old friend "Lord" George Sanger, the famous showman, and of a certain 'Sir" Somebody, who, in a provincial town, has for years posed as a knight, with as little legal right to the title as has our showman friend—title-lovers of this kind, I say, belong to a different class. They parade a title because they like titles, or because they find it "pays," or for both reasons.

While, by the way, the law does not give gentlemen of this kind a right to employ their respective titles, it does not say that they shall not use them. All the statutes contend for is that you shall not call yourself "Sir" or "Lord," or give yourself any other title, with a view to swindling your fellow-men. If your object be only the gratification of snobbishness, vanity, or any other weakness, you may "sir" or "lord" it over the "common herd" as much as you choose.

Even if aught could be said against taxing legitimate holders of titles, that people who assume a title "if they have it not" should be taxed, all would agree—except, of course, the assumptionists themselves!

Surely title-users will not be so shortsighted as to, in even the slightest degree, attempt to resist the carrying out of Mr. Bottomley's proposal. Why, if they "know their bithneth" they will petition the Government to put in operation that proposal at the earliest moment! For the more it costs to have a thing, the more glory attaches to its possession.

When, therefore—as I hope may soon be the case—a Title Taxation League is founded, I confidently expect that marquesses galore and earls by the dozen will be found tumbling over each other in their eagerness to be elected vice-presidents.

THE LAST OF THE LINERS.

By Norman Scot.

The Cult of the Limerick has descended upon the people like some devastating blight. Over the whole land, on which the sun but seldom rises, men, women, and children struggled in the thraldom of the Last Line.

Art, literature, politics, trade—yea, even the making of aeroplanes—were all at a standstill; for the mighty Press—the backbone, the machinery of the nation—published naught that did not bear upon Limericks.

That greatest of philanthropic institutions, the *Times*, formed a club; printed authors' incomplete Limericks much below cost price, and reduced the entry money from 6d. to 4½d.

The *Daily Mail* held the record with its thirty millions to be divided among the thirteen successful Last Liners, and fifty million Year-Books were distributed as consolation prizes.

The *Evening News* printed the first of its twenty daily editions at six in the morning, each edition having a fresh competition; while the *Globe*—the aristocratic, pink-faced *Globe*—did one mighty turn-over, and sought rest and strength in the worthy arms of Sir Hildebrand.

A curious nervous trouble seized the people. This took the form of playing with one hand on an imaginary piano. It was yet another feather in the *Lancet's* cap when it published its masterly and convincing paper proving that this new disease was the Counting of Syllables.

Once a nation of sportsmen, the people grew strangely apathetic to games of all sorts, and the news that the pots representing our most cherished championships were being borne away to distant lands was scarce listened to, or heeded with but a shrug of the shoulders.

Eminent men were keenly sought after as umpires, or judges of merit, as they were wittily called. The few Cabinet Ministers, actor-managers, and one-time golf champions, who were not themselves competitors, were quickly cornered by the smartest papers, and received fabulous salaries—far in excess even of music-hall stars—for their arduous labours.

The Anymetre College was thronged with students eagerly listening to the lectures of Professor Austin on "Verse Canning" and "Blank Bad Rhyme."

Society weltered in Limerick Teas, Last Line Gymkhanas, and Versatile At Homes. For these functions hostesses struggled to secure Mr. Higgins, 31, Tennyson Road, Verse End, N.—the man of the moment. Higgins was the author of many brilliant, epigrammatic, and winning Last Lines. The grandest of all, and the one on which people vainly attempted to model their efforts, was—

"But the Hair of a Hare choked the Heir."

It was whispered that Higgins' magnificent house was carpeted throughout with the rare and costly Last Lino.

Then one morning the nation woke up to find that the sun was shining. It shone all day, and there was no rain. It shone all the week, and there was no rain. The temperature rose to 70 deg., and still there was no rain.

Gradually the papers insinuated cricket news in odd corners amongst the Limerick literature. The cricket news grew, and finally the dear old lists of averages made their appearance.

The Cult of the Limerick tottered and fell, and with the finishing of a Test Match, which England won, the doom of the Last Line was sealed.

Sic transit.

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

If you are sick of the sounding sea,
Why not try Somewhere Else?
Meadow, wood, mountain, or verdant lea
Are nothing to Somewhere Else!
The cooking's perfection, and everything new,
Wines cheaper than water, and skies ever blue,
It cures all your heartache, and laughter rings true—
I'm packing for Somewhere Else!

If your purse is but slender, and your family is large,
They scorn money at Somewhere Else!
Each cot is a palace, every boat's a State barge—
(Well, you think so at Somewhere Else!).
It's never too near or too far away,
It's the ideal spot for the grave or gay,
(Look in your guide book—between Z and A)—
Then take tickets for Somewhere Else!

Leonard Ward.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See page 1

A PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Harry T. Gribbin.

"Socialism is the cancer which is gnawing at the vital organs of this country, and if it isn't checked Great Britain will go a buster—a regular buster!"

Having thus delivered himself, Mr. Joseph Bore beamed upon the occupants of the third-class smoker of the "six-twenty" from Liverpool Street, as if he were announcing the discovery of a gold mine.

"My dear sir," objected a mild-looking man, who wore a red tie and displayed a democratic journal, "I am afraid you are unacquainted with the principles of Socialism."

"Unacquainted with 'em!" chuckled Mr. Bore. "Bless my soul, I learnt 'em just after I left off petticoats. I've studied 'em all ends up, and have kept my weather eye on Socialism in consequence. I always said we were coming to this, always! But nobody would believe me."

"You don't 'appen to be a tipster, do you, guv'nor?" inquired a man in a yellow and blue scarf, with a cap like a chess-board.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to favour us with your definition of Socialism," said the mild-looking man.

"You're asking too much," answered Mr. Bore. "You can't define it, like a saucepan. There's something about it that is, I might say, elusive. It's like cheese."

"No, I don't understand," replied the Socialist. "It can be summed up in one sentence, 'Share and share alike.'"

"A good policy, too," remarked the man in the corner.

"A good policy for them that's too lazy to work," retorted Mr. Bore. "Socialism condemns competition. Competition is the salt of life. Where would we be without it?"

"Competition has made me," boldly asserted Mr. Bore.

"Then competition has taken a deal of responsibility on herself," retorted the Socialist.

"If either of you gents wants an individual to hold the sponge or do the needful, you can't do better than try yours truly," said the irrepressible gentleman.

"The great point to remember is," continued the Socialist, "that the majority are being sweated for the benefit of the minority. You, for instance," addressing the gentleman with sporting instincts, "have been working to-day to support the House of Lords."

"Wrong again!" retorted that individual. "I've had a day off. Been pigeon flying."

"Well, any man who has been following his task has been helping to support the House of Lords—parasites who live on the poor."

"Blighters!" growled the man in the corner.

"Blighters is the very word. The abolition of capitalists and the equal distribution of wealth is what we aim at. No corruption or underhand dealing."

"You've been reading lying reports," said the Socialist. "I repeat, we are working for the emancipation of the lower classes. Shorter hours, better conditions of labour, and one man one job."

"Yes, and one man one drink," retorted Mr. Bore.

The sportsman started visibly at this announcement.

"Who's going to prevent me putting my nose in a mug of beer whenever I like?" And he glared round, as if waiting to pounce on the miscreant.

"The Socialists," quietly replied Mr. Bore. "They'll send you to bed at nine, tell you whom you've got to marry, when you've got to die, and where you've got to buy your victuals."

"Not if I knows it," said the sportsman.

"Listen to what I tell you," said Mr. Bore, swelling with importance. "I've been warning the nation for ages, but they take no heed. A prophet in the wilderness, that's what I am, a prophet in the wilderness!"

"A false prophet, then," said the Socialist.

"No, sir, you don't get over me like that. I've watched your little game. Whenever I fix my weather eye I can always tell which way the wind is blowing."

"'E's a cute one, 'e is," said the sportsman, admiringly.

"Socialism is a fraud," continued Mr. Bore.

The sportsman arose. "Everybody looking out for himself is the right Emma, eh?"

"That's correct. Let the best man win. If you're smarter than another man you've a right to his jam."

"You're an old sport, you are. Put your mauler there."

The pair shook hands and then the sportsman disappeared.

"That's the way to make converts," said Mr. Bore in triumph; "that one took about seven minutes," and he felt for his watch in order to verify his words. Suddenly Mr. Bore jumped up as if he had been sitting on a bomb. "My watch, my watch! He's stolen my watch! Stop the train!"

"That's the worst of these prophets in the wilderness," said the Socialist to his fellow travellers. "They can no more take care of themselves than a babe in arms."

A HALF-TIMER'S ECHO FROM SCOTLAND.

By Scottie.

Good old John Bull! I like you. Give my compliments to James Sherliker. He's a brick. I mean he is truthful. Oh! that we had more of it. I am one of the lucky mortals who have weathered the slavery of half-timing in Scotland. But no "knocker-up" thundered at our cottage at five o'clock in the morning. There was no such luck for my dear old mother. She had to be the knocker-up, after having the previous night, every previous night, got to bed at the end of a day's scrubbing and washing, and cleaning and mending, and cooking and attending to four little kiddies, who had all to be at work in a factory at six o'clock in the morning, and at school the other half of each day. My mother lies beneath Nature's green sod. What a blessing that Nature has made such beneficent provision for weary bodies! Their spirits should have front seats in the celestial home! This is no Lancashire picture. It is a true, a photographic, representation of what is going on now in a large cotton factory in Bonnie Scotland, the land to which comes the Lancashire millionaire to shoot grouse and deer and poor little rabbits. There are many such factories in Scotland. The one to which I refer provided a Mayor—a Provost in Scotland—to one of the largest cities in the land of Burns—and he *generously* gave some £50,000 to provide "daubs" for its art galleries. He did more. In his day of sway as Provost he entertained royalty, and was made a Baronet! This distinction was sweated out of half-timers and out of those who had survived the half-timing ordeal.

As a half-timer at school, I was treated on the same level with the "gaffer's" sons, that is to say, I had to do the same tasks as those who toiled not, neither did they spin. And if I did not I was whipped for my dilatoriness! I live to tell the tale—no thanks to my taskmasters, in factory and in school. There's a day of reckoning at hand—long in coming, I admit—but it will arrive. We have been sending the wrong men to Parliament—of all nationalities—Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen. Hottentots would not have treated the poor little children of the British Empire in the fashion to which they have been accustomed. Let the bone and sinew of the British Empire—the slave, the millionaire-maker—rise in his strength, and show the drivers of the half-timers—the children's blood-suckers—a new fashion, a fashion of brotherhood, a fashion in which is humanity, and a decent bite and sup and lodging for every man, woman and child in Christendom!

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Martin Harvey, Esq.

My Dear Sir,—Your name suggests wealth. There is "mart" in it—the place where commerce reigns. And there is "tin." You have played many characters. Couldn't you find a play bringing in Martin Luther or Martin Chuzzlewit? You were evidently of the opinion that a play founded on a Dickens story was not "The Only Way" to make money. But (I may be mistaken) I fear your latest has not brought you any "Great Possessions." What the Dickens will you do next?

John Bull.

To Jerome K. Jerome.

My Dear Young Friend,—In the rare intervals when you shake off the embraces of the Israelites, and let your gay and sportive fancies entrance our understanding, we who have waited for your coming come forth to meet you with joy and gladness. It is good to be with you, as it was for What's-his-name some time back. I note that you have been interviewed by a *Clarion* Scout, one Suthers of the Long Beard and Aged Eye, and that you have carefully explained the exact way in which to approach the fowl's production with grandmotherly suction. From the bottom of my heart I am with you in regard to the aspect of the subject generally overlooked. In answer to the question, "You are not in favour of the formation of a Socialist Party?" You say "no" I think Socialists ought to [illegible]. Instead [illegible] attack them."

I have always contended that this was the right way of looking at it. But only a Jerome could so have expressed it. If I have any atom of doubt as to your real meaning, I can only say, with the brilliant Runciman, I agree with you.

John Bull.

To Moulai el Hafid.

Ya Sidi,—"After compliments," as they say in your part of the world, I proceed to congratulations, which may be premature. It was undoubtedly necessary that some real warrior should arise and drive the French into the sea. Abdul Aziz has had his chance and missed it. No doubt he would have been quite popular as a parlour politician or constitutional king, and in other countries he might have aroused admiration by the "enlightenment" which prompted him to ride a bicycle. But his cheap modernity could only cause grousing among the Moors. A strong arm and a good sword are more to their taste than books and theories. You have had the pluck to come forward at a crisis, and I hope you also possess the stamina which you need if you are to carry your enterprise to a successful issue. Everybody knows that the French can't colonise, and you must not let them turn your ancient empire into an Algeria or a Tunis. Rather than that, let me develop it for you, as I have developed Egypt. But I would much rather see you remain independent, and you can do that if you stick to guerilla warfare. No French army corps can dislodge you from your mountain fastnesses. Above all, don't enter into negotiations with your invaders. They will offer you all sorts of baits; they will promise to support you against your rivals. But, if you listen to their blandishments, you will find that they have turned you into a cat's-paw. Salaam!

John Bull.

To John W. Carlisl, D.D.

My Lord Bishop,—One could wish that the address recently given by you at Wigton had been delivered in the House of Lords. It would have been an education to have watched the faces of your spiritual confrères—and more especially that of your overlord of Canterbury—as they heard you express your sympathy and admiration for "those who were girding with all their might against the grovelling superstitions that had so long passed under the name of Religion." "Forms and rules and ceremonies of religion were not religion" is a phrase which must have been very comforting to my Lord Halifax and others. And, as above all things the House of Lords is noted for its high-toned morality and truly Christian resignation to the lot to which it has pleased Providence to call them, they would have so enjoyed your reference to the Christians of our time: "What a caricature of real Christianity the professing Christian was to-day! They saw the denominations running down each other, and half-a-dozen places of worship in small hamlets and villages." But, my Lord Bishop, their activities are not confined to these trifling blots on "real Christianity," you know. Think of your Church's work in regard to education and the "crime" of marrying a deceased wife's sister. After all, possibly your brother Cantaur—I am not responsible for either the spelling or the pronunciation—might be able to prove that fighting like Kilkenny cats is—*vide* Chinese labour—a sort of "regrettable necessity." I am glad to have my settled conviction that "superstition is the child of ignorance" corroborated by your Grace. But without superstition I am rather inclined to wonder whether the See of Carlisle would be worth quite as much as £4,500 a year—and perquisites. Supposing your aspiration for "a revival of intelligent church worship" to be realised, I can scarcely reconcile "intelligence" with £4,500—and "perks"—and curates passing rich on the husks that fall from the prelates' tables. If only the clergy and laity could agree with you that "when religion began in rite and ended in rite, it was not religion," then we might see a disposition all round to substitute "right" for rite, and so realise a state of things on earth which we are now taught to seek elsewhere. Continue the good work you have begun to talk about, and especially devote your energies to reforming the august assembly which honours you by admittance, whilst banging the door in the face of your schismatic brethren, the common or garden variety of Christians called Dissenters. I shall begin to think you are in earnest when I hear that you have drafted a Bill for disestablishing the Church, and making all Christians, at any rate, equal before the law. Secularists and other non-Christians can, of course, wait.

John Bull.

To Comrade Blatchford.

My Dear Comrade,—I have been reading your "speaking out" to the Solicitor-General, and for once I fear you have run past yourself. Thus, for example, Sir W. Robson said, "Socialism meant that all the well-organised and well-managed works, like Redhead's, and Palmer's and Armstrong's, were to be taken out of the control of the keen expert men who had spent their lives in keeping these works up to the level of efficiency necessary to successfully meet the competition of the foreigner, and were to be placed under inexpert and apathetic public officials." You reply by quoting the remark, "Socialism is insane and impossible," and go on to answer the above by writing: "Here are the names of a few lunatics: Jaurès, Karl Marx, Ibsen, Zola, Kropotkin, Howells, Morris, Wells, and Shaw; also Grayson and Burns," etc. Come, my dear fellow, I ask you just one little question: Now, would you put the control of any of the above undertakings into the hands of any one of the geniuses alluded to? You would as soon expect Lord Armstrong to write "News from Nowhere." We know all about "their sanity, integrity, and genius." At this juncture, we are talking about commercial capacity. You claim that "we" (the whole British public) manage the Post Office and the Navy! Do "we"? And "we" manage the education of 40,000,000 people! Again, do "we"? If I were inclined to accept your statements as correct, I might add, "and a deuced fine mess we have made of all the lot." As a leader among Socialists, you have an ideal. In this you are advantaged, but the man who points his followers to a Promised Land in the distance is often just as much misled by the mirage as the others. But I am afraid the experience of centuries is rather a hard nut. There is much in your denunciations of Liberal and Tory that is true, but that does not make Socialism any more suitable for our needs. A man may get "fed up" with Tory beef or Liberal mutton, and yet a debauch of Socialistic pork may be worse than either. There is some good in your theories, of course. You are rather like a fat man chasing a butterfly. You perspire a lot, even if you lose the object sought, and your health is so much the better; and if so be you seize the butterfly, you find it only a moth after all. The whole history of the world shows that we are slowly moving in the direction of Perfectibility by strenuous effort. The weakest go to the wall, but their successors are stronger because of it. No doubt weeds in our gardens have feelings as well as the more gorgeous and useful denizens, but what gardener wastes his tears over the weeds he tears up? What if by careful training a few weeds have become notable examples of what can be done by patience, if while so engaged you neglect those flowers which needed your care? A nation strives or slumbers. Life with every desired comfort at the touch of a bell is, to a fighting race, too much like death.

I have no love for plutocracy, gold-grubbers, or the idle rich; but the cry of the demagogue everywhere, as somebody once said, is, "Let all be equal—and I will be King." The democracy is only too often the sport and prey of those who remember that among the blind the one-eyed man is king. I believe you to be as honest and upright and convinced of your work's worth as any man can be; but human nature is up against it.

John Bull.

THE WASP.

A DANGER TO EUROPE.

IN THE CITY.

BOGUS INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Some time ago we warned our readers against various bogus insurance companies which were appealing to the public for support without being entitled to it. In the Sixteenth General and Annual Report by the Board of Trade, under Section 29 of the Companies (Winding Up) Act, 1890, reference is made to various bogus companies, which have found their way more quickly than usual to Carey Street.

First, there was the British Union Assurance Society, Ltd. This Society was one of a series registered by the same promoters under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, 1893, its avowed object being to carry on insurance business of all kinds except life, which was excluded to avoid the statutory deposit of £20,000. The nominal capital was fixed by an entry in the minute book at £250,000, but the only cash capital ever received by the Society amounted to £55. At the winding up something like half a million of insurance risks were current. Claims, when made, were evaded and disputed, and the total of £30 17s. 3d. paid in this respect appears to have been discharged chiefly by deductions by agents from their remittances. The Society was never in a position to meet claims, and the cash at bank never exceeded £35, and was oftener under £5. The Official Receiver considers that the formation of the Society was a scheme by its promoters to obtain monies which could be applied for their personal benefit without regard to the Society's obligations, and there can be no doubt that is the true account of it.

Then there was the Co-operative Sickness and Accident Assurance, Ltd., with a cash capital of £603—a capital, of course, hopelessly inadequate for the carrying on of an insurance business. Then came the Registered Societies' Sickness and Accident Assurance, Ltd., registered on the 31st July, 1906, and ordered to be wound up on the 30th October of the same year. The nominal capital was £100,000, but at the date of the winding-up order only 245 shares had been subscribed by the public.

The State Banking Corporation, Ltd., was a bond investment company, registered in Guernsey in November, 1904, with a nominal capital of £200,000. The promoters had previously purchased for £75 the registration papers of an English company, called the W.A.K. Syndicate, Ltd., with a registered nominal capital of £200,000. The business of the Corporation was to issue "Bonds" of £50, payable at the end of ten years, in return for subscriptions of 5s. per month, with a promise of earlier "redemption" of part of the Bonds by means of periodical drawings. In this way the gambling element was introduced as an incentive to thrift. The amount received by the Corporation with respect to "Bonds" was about £1,170, and the whole of this sum, together with £2,872, money received in respect of shares, was spent on working expenses, salaries, and directors' fees. Finally, there was the British Investment Assurance Company, Ltd., another Bond investment company, registered in Guernsey in October, 1904, with a nominal capital of a quarter million sterling. Subscriptions were obtained from the public for 8,705 shares of £1 each, upon which 10s. per share was called up and a further sum of £1,261 for Bond instalments. The whole of the money received, with the exception of a small expenditure on office furniture, was used for directors' and agents' salaries and fees and office charges.

The rogues who engineer companies of this sort ought to have nearer acquaintance with the police.

"GOLDFIELDS" IN ENGLAND!

Apparently there are still individuals who think that they can unearth a goldfield in England—or, at least, that they can persuade others that they can do so. A few months ago there was a great amount of excitement with regard to the Chaston Syndicate. The shares were strongly recommended by some of our contemporaries, and, without the directors disclosing exactly where their "banket formation" was to be found, the £1 scrip was advanced to 800 per cent. or so premium. The secret leaked out, however, and market interest soon evaporated—your Stock Exchange speculator dearly likes a blind pool, and does not appreciate being enabled to even partially check-off official statements by a journey to so prosaic a neighbourhood as the Forest of Dean. Nowadays we hear little of Chastons—they are not mentioned in the financial columns of the daily press, and we doubt if the shares are saleable at anything of a price on the Stock Exchange. The last we heard from the property was that the manager and his little staff of "miners" had found the work very warm, and that with reckless disregard of capital expenditure he had invested in a couple of fans. It is understood that, thus equipped, the company's employees are still delving into the bowels of the earth—with presumably poor reward. At any rate, although it is stated that samples for assay are regularly taken, we hear nothing of the results. Which is significant!

We now have the announcement of the registration of the Wye Valley Goldfields, Ltd., formed with a modest capital of £30,000. From an official statement we learn that "the new goldfield" runs from Tintern village towards Monmouth, and that the "banket deposits" (blessed word that "banket"—it always serves on the Gold Coast, in Rhodesia, and now in the Land of the Leek) have already been traced clearly for three and a half miles, and we have no doubt, in theory extend to the Gloucestershire property of Chaston. Further, the conglomerate discovered and assayed is, in the opinion of experts, "almost identical with the Witwatersrand series in texture and appearance"—but it is pleasing indeed to hear that the Wye Valley beds are "much wider"! What a vista of untold wealth is opened up—if one-tenth of the yarns were true there would be no need to pass Land Acts distasteful to the Lords in order to induce the town dweller to migrate to the country. We should all be ready to go to the places where we can pick up banket, even if they do not grow golden sovereigns ready-made. Seriously, there is no harm in these little syndicates unless the promoters or City editors ask you to buy shares. Then—*Cave.*

AUTOMOBILE CAB.

The Automobile Company is in voluntary liquidation, and we suppose, as the shareholders are content to allow the whole scandal to be thus quietly disposed of, there is no more to be said. Sir James Ritchie is a fortunate man. One or two strong men among those who invested in the project, and there would have been some pertinent inquiries as to where the whole of the subscribed capital has disappeared in the short interval between the issue of the prospectus and the first annual report. However, the nice little jobs have been short-lived, and the shareholders may have returned to them a few pence in the pound—if the liquidator can sell the cabs. Another motor cab company is in liquidation; the Fiat underwriters were landed with over 80 per cent.; and the Rover Motor Cab issue is postponed, although its beautifully-coloured prospectuses have been in circulation among underwriters for many months past.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.

With reference to a complaint made and referred to in our correspondence columns last week, we have now received an explanation from the Provident Association of London, which, on the face of it is, as we expected it would be, a complete answer to Mr. Clatworthy's allegation that the Association has robbed him of £300. The General Manager sends us a printed reply, from which it appears that Mr. Clatworthy entrusted this sum to an agent of the Association in his personal capacity. This agent was afterwards dismissed and Mr. Clatworthy lost his money, but with this the Association has nothing whatever to do. The General Manager informs us that Mr. Clatworthy issued a writ against the Association, which was not followed up, and the printed reply goes on to say:—

> "The Company was and is quite ready to defend the action if Clatworthy will proceed; and unless he does proceed with the action we can only assume that he is seeking to obtain money from the Company which he well knows is not due."

There would seem to be no answer to this, and we cannot give further attention to the complaint.

THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY.

We have received from a correspondent who writes to us from Rangoon a letter in which he complains of what he considers the sharp practice of the managers of the International Library. He tells us that when in England last year he purchased—by the instalment system—a set of what he unkindly describes as those "deadly uninteresting tomes." For this set he undertook to pay twelve guineas, and has already paid £4 10s. He says that at the time of purchase intending subscribers were warned to make application at

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once if they wanted one of the sets, as the edition was exhausted and would not be re-issued. "During the last few days several people here—that is to say, in Rangoon—have received circulars from Mr. Williamson, of Dalhousie Square, Calcutta—Mr. Hooper's Indian manager—offering these sets at Rs.60 (£4) each, and stating that they are exactly the same as those sold in England during the past year at twelve guineas." "Does not this strike you," our correspondent asks us, "as a breach of good faith with the purchasers of the I.L. in England? It certainly smacks very strongly of sharp practice."

Upon the facts as stated we are of the same opinion, but when our correspondent goes on to ask us whether he can successfully resist the payment of further instalments, saying that he has already paid more than the volumes may be purchased for locally, we are not so sure. It all depends on the terms of the contract. But, whatever those terms, whether legally the "Times" people are entitled to the twelve guineas or not, there must be many of their readers who regret that its proprietors have involved themselves as they have done with Yankee speculators.

WHY THE HILL STOCKS WERE SO LOW.

Our spirited little contemporary, *The Financial World* of New York, has the following remarks under the above title:—

> Of all high-priced railroad stocks none have suffered more during the slump of the last few months than the two Hill stocks—Great Northern preferred and Northern Pacific. There is nothing in the condition of the properties to justify the extent of the slump in their stocks. Nobody doubts the continuance of their present dividends of 7 per cent. They both are doing a good and increasing business, as shown by their earnings statements. The agricultural situation in the North-west is good. The spring wheat crop will probably be as large as that of last year. The lumber business, which forms a source of great revenue for both railroads, is booming. The North-west is constantly growing in population, wealth and enterprise. Both railroads have secured all the capital they need at present. Why, therefore, this slump? The cause has, therefore, to be sought in the condition of the market. A financial writer explains this slump as follows: "There were, at the time of the big collapse, about 2,800 Great Northern stockholders, and a few more Northern Pacific stockholders. The names of the stockholders in these two roads were so nearly identical that the total number of holders in these roads did not exceed 3,100. In other words, 3,100 individuals were assessed more than $150,000,000 in the course of a few weeks. Such an enormous assessment was never known before in history. It meant on an average $50,000 apiece. On the other hand, about fifty of these men owned in the neighbourhood of $100,000,000 par value of the securities. They were assessed at $100,000,000. It is $2,000,000 apiece on an average for these fifty men. Some of them got hit to the extent of $10,000,000 or $15,000,000. This is a big blow for merely one issue, and little wonder that the stocks went down." He could have added in further explanation that the Union Pacific had unloaded about $80,000,000 Hill stocks at a time when the market's absorption power was exhausted. But the time will come when confidence will return and rich investors will again begin to accumulate large blocks of Hill stocks.

THE WALKER-GORDON LABORATORIES, LTD.

A correspondent complains that he has received from the Company of this name a bill for goods he has not received. Not only is the envelope addressed to the "Occupier," but the account is rendered to the "Occupier," and it is intimated that "a remittance by return will oblige." Our correspondent says that he never purchased anything from the Walker-Gordon Laboratories, Ltd., nor has anything ever been purchased by any member of his household. It is obvious, too, that the thing is a swindle, since, if there had been a genuine sale the bill would not have been made out to the occupier but to the person who bought, and the address on the envelope would have been to him.

> "Possibly," writes our correspondent, "they (the Company) get a good many people to send their fourpence and other sums, and make a good thing by it."

Possibly! But it is a very dirty way of earning fourpences; and the police should have their eye upon these people. The Company claims on its billheads to sell "modified milk," whatever that may be, "for the scientific feeding of infants and invalids"; and, judging from the many American addresses it gives, it is a Yankee concern. Its London offices are at 79, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

" 3 " " " 6 " " "

" 6 " " " 7 " " "

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICAN LANDS AND MINES.—E. D. (Aldershot).—None.

BRITISH DUPLEX MOTOR ENGINE SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—P. H. R. (Dudley).—We have your letter with its enclosures, and need only say that our opinion upon the subject differs from that of the motor newspaper to which you refer.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—M. J. D. (Hull).—We are still waiting for the Writ. They are often threatened, but seldom come.

SPECULATIVE PURCHASE.—HESITATING (Finchley).—All the shares you name other than those marked A are of a very speculative character, and our advice to you would be not to risk your money in them.

OUTLOOK IN THE TRANSVAAL.—L. L. K. (Kimberley).—We are obliged for your letter, with much of which we agree.

MEASURE BROS.—DUNELMIAN (Durham).—We regret the delay in answering your question. We should hold the shares you have, but not increase the holding. Of late years the record of the company has been a chequered one.—G. E. N. (Ilford).—We agree, but the company has had to reckon with exceptional competition. For a reply to your other question see answer to Dunelmian.

THE PROPHYLACTIC SOCIETY.—E. W. T. (Harringay).—We know nothing of the society, but should say it is unworthy of support, seeing that on the paper you send us its first claim is "to prevent sickness, especially consumption."

WEEKLY PAYMENT.—E. S. (Manor Park).—No. You had much better put your 2s. 6d. weekly into the Savings Bank.

MOTOR CAB COMPANIES.—W. B. (Englefield Green).—We have not the space to answer your question exhaustively, but we may say that investment in shares of Motor Cab Companies at the present time is an exceptionally risky proceeding. Almost every month some new improvement is made which lessens the value of the vehicles on the road, and we may be sure that in no long time most of those now running will be obsolete, with disastrous results to shareholders and companies who own them.

LLOYD'S BANK AND A CUSTOMER'S ACCOUNT.—READER.—You have omitted to send us your name and address.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—S. A. (Manchester).—Certainly not.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—C. T. (Liverpool).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not become an agent for this Company.

PRICE OF SHARES.—A WELSH READER (Newport).—The Company has had some heavy and exceptional losses, as you know, but it is well able to bear them. Whether it will pay as high a rate of dividend in October is under the circumstances perhaps a little doubtful, but the Company remains highly prosperous.

PURCHASE OF CONSOLS.—A. J. S. (Weeting).—You say you have £40 in the Post Office Savings Bank, and you have been advised to buy Consols and hold them until they rise to 90 again. You want our advice. We have no expectation of seeing Consols at 90 again for a long time to come, and we see little advantage to you in taking your £40 from the Savings Bank and putting it into Consols. Let it remain where it is and grow a little, and then communicate with us again.

THE UNIVERSAL PRODUCE PRESERVATION COMPANY.—B. (London).—Your friend is mistaken. The Company went to allotment in ordinary course in July. Obviously, if our information is correct and the process upon which the Company relies is one that is forbidden by law, the position is very serious. We do not doubt that the directors will make some representation upon the subject.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—CYRIL (Ilford).—We do not think it suitable for your purpose.

THE PATRIOTIC INVESTMENT CORPORATION, LIMITED.—P. W. (Bayswater).—You say that a few months ago you were induced by the Managing Director to take up an Agency with the Company, and you paid the first year's premium (£11 16s. 4d.) on a certificate for £500. Now you have a letter from the Secretary saying "that the assets of the Company are unfortunately in the hands of the Receiver for a Debenture holder," and you want to know what your position is. We much fear that your money is gone. It is a very hard case.

HOMESTEADS, LIMITED.—A. R. (Tottenham).—We know no good reason why you should not do so.

EMPIRE MERCANTILE AGENCY.—A READER FROM THE BEGINNING (Strand).—What is your complaint? The letter from the Agency seems a very fair one, and you can hardly have tested it, seeing that it is dated the 27th August, and you write to us on the 28th. Would it not be fairer to pursue the matter a little further before suggesting that the Agency—about which, by the way, we at present express no opinion—deals unfairly by the public?

INVESTMENT OF £400.—R. D. M. (Forest Gate).—We do not advise deposits with people who offer such high rates of interest.

CONSOLIDATED COPPER CREEK MINING COMPANY.—A. J. I. (Guildford).—You would be very foolish to send money to any of these Yankee wild-cat companies.

J. G. GRAVES.—RETLAW (Diss).—The reference is to both.

PREMIUM BONDS.—H. R. (Manchester).—If you will give us the particulars of the Bonds we shall be happy to tell you their present market value, which, we fear, is very considerably below the price you were induced to pay for them if you bought them, as we gather from your letter, from one of the touting agencies that infest the town. P. A. Q. (Alexandra Park).—You will find your question answered in our issue of last week.

THE VOGELSFONTEIN DIAMOND MINE, LIMITED.—P.—We are obliged by your letter with its enclosure. You will see that we referred to the matter last week. As to whether proceedings can be taken against Messrs. Churchward and Griffith, that is a question that could only be answered by those who have fuller knowledge of the correspondence between the Company and these persons than we have.

SOUTH-WEST LONDON TRADESMEN'S PROVIDENT SOCIETY.—ONE WHO HAS BEEN DRAWN FROM (London).—We have your papers. We do not know what is meant by the statement that the Society is "supervised by H.M.'s Board of Trade officials." It is an extremely misleading statement if it is meant by it that the Government is in any way responsible for the concern, which we cannot recommend to our readers.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—A. W. T. (Stepney Green).—You could not go far wrong with "a few pounds." So far as we know, the concern is respectably managed, but if you have any large sum to deposit we should prefer a better established institution. A REGULAR READER (Harringay).—Yes, we think so.

ENGLISH RAILS.—B. (Notting Hill).—We may act upon your suggestion before long.

CANADIAN PACIFIC SHARES.—J. W. P. (Bristol).—No, the intimation you quote does not affect your rights as buyer in any way. Canadian Pacific Shares are certain to go higher again, but they are a very speculative security to deal in, more especially in the way in which you appear to be handling them.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.—RATE CLERK.—We have read your letter with much interest, and we will see if it is possible to publish it a little later on.

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—PAGE DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL (Dept. 48), 125, Oxford Street, London, W.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

"Unjust Judges."

In reply to my remarks on certain disabilities under which exhibitors of dogs suffer, the Editor has received the following letter from Mr. Jacquet, the secretary of the Kennel Club:—

Sir,—My attention has been called to a paragraph headed "Unjust Judges" in the last issue of John Bull which misrepresents facts. The paragraph implies that some judges are not honest and make their awards from interested motives, and the writer quotes Mr. Farrow's remarks in the *Kennel Gazette* in confirmation of this. Mr. Farrow, himself a judge, in his remarks, to which "Mrs. Bull" refers, was not in the slightest degree challenging the *bonâ fides* of the judges, but only expressing regret that spaniel breeders are not agreed as to the question of "type" in that variety, and that in consequence of this difference of opinion amongst expert judges their awards frequently show great divergence.

The paragraph concludes with this sentence: "The way in which judges are appointed by the Committee of the Kennel Club would bear a little wholesome investigation"; a very gratuitous reflection upon my committee.

In the course of every year some 450 dog shows are held under the rules of the Kennel Club, and with only one of these, the Kennel Club's own show, does the Kennel Club have any voice in the appointment of the judges. In every other case such appointments are in the absolute discretion of the authorities of each particular show, the Kennel Club never being consulted in the matter.

You will see how seriously your contributor errs in making this final statement, and relying upon your sense of fairness I anticipate the publication of this letter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. W. Jacquet.

With reference to the above letter, while deeply regretting that I should have annoyed an important official of such a distinguished institution as the Kennel Club, I should like to say a few words bearing on Mr. Jacquet's indignant letter. If the committee of the Kennel Club can spare a moment from their arduous labours to re-read Mr. Farrow's letter, they may see that it perhaps lends itself to further interpretation than that furnished by Mr. Jacquet. I am not in Mr. Farrow's confidence, but it seems to me that, reading between the lines of his letter, it would appear that the conditions under which judges give their decisions are scarcely ideal. Mr. Jacquet states that the committee of the Kennel Club have no say whatsoever in the appointment of judges other than for the yearly Kennel Club Show. I am quite aware that all *small* dog exhibitions appoint their own judges, but I should like Mr. Jacquet's assurance that not *one* member of the committee of the Club has any voice in the appointment of judges for the more considerable shows. I know that it is something of an impertinence to question the dealings of such an august canine hierarchy as the Kennel Club; but, although in its own eyes it can do no wrong, onlookers are entitled to their own opinion. While making a suitable allowance for the untruthfulness of idle gossip, there is often considerable complaint against the drastic decisions of this omnipotent dog trust. Mr. Jacquet would doubtless insist that everything is for the best in the best of all possible dog worlds; but I ask him, human nature being as it is, if it is possible for an exhibitor to secure *absolutely* unbiassed judgments when the judges are invariably prominent and ardent exhibitors of the breed of dog which they more or less frequently judge. Should the Kennel Club (of course it will not) make such a state of affairs impossible, then judging might be absolutely fair; but to show that at present it is nothing of the kind, I would refer people interested in the matter to *Our Dogs*, the columns of which are often decorated with letters written by exhibitors complaining of obviously unjust decisions of judges.

A Request.

If Mr. Jacquet sees fit to reply to these remarks, I trust that at the same time he will oblige me with the last balance-sheet issued by the Kennel Club. It will be interesting to discover if the *very* infrequent shillings, half-crowns, crowns, and guineas exacted by the K.C. for often trifling observances (smacking of red-tape) on the part of exhibitors enable the Club to pay its way. I should be very sorry to find that this institution was run on philanthropic lines. I trust that neither Mr. Jacquet nor his worthy committee will take these remarks too much to heart. The rosy gills, the comfortable appearance, the genial atmosphere of the several members of the committee when winning at dog shows (have they ever been known to do otherwise?), do much to reconcile losers to their misfortunes, and give spectators at the shows a more optimistic outlook on life.

Aspasia.

The celebrated companion of the great statesman Pericles also concerned herself about women's welfare. All around her Aspasia saw the respectable married women of Athens suppressed, reared in ignorance, and living in obscurity. Her home became the resort of all the greatest, the wisest men of the city, and, to quote again, "The cultivated men who thronged her assemblies had no hesitation in breaking through the conventionalities of Athenian society, and brought their wives to the parties of Aspasia, and she discussed with them the duties of wives. She thought they should strive to be something more than mere mothers and housewives. She urged them to cultivate their minds, and be in all respects fit companions for their husbands." That Aspasia herself was possessed of the highest gifts of discernment, foresight, and statescraft is obvious, for "When Pericles died, she formed a connection with Lysicles, a sheep-seller, believing him to be the best citizen she could obtain, and made him, though not a bright man, the foremost politician in Athens for a time."

Women and the Early Christians.

One of the most interesting ideas in this courageous book is that the notion that the advent of Christianity raised women to a more honoured, a more dignified position, is entirely erroneous. The Roman matron for some considerable period before the Christian era enjoyed a status of greater freedom than perhaps any women before or after. She was educated, influential, had full command of her property, and was treated with perfect justice by the laws of marriage and divorce. Christianity, which effected changes in so many directions, also, unfortunately, altered this desirable state of affairs. Women, however, bore their full share of martyrdom, and Professor Donaldson does not spare us a few harrowing details. It is difficult to say which of the periods the book deals with is the most interesting.

Up-to-Date Evening Gowns.

Really a vast deal of genuine artistic taste is being expended on the designing of the newest evening dresses. A special feature is being made of the judicious mingling of tulle, chiffon, or other such semi-transparent substances, in two or even three different colours on the one gown. One dainty dress that I have seen was of the palest blue chiffon, made up over heliotrope, the latter colour giving the most delightfully variable and unexpected tones and tints as the light material swayed with the wearer's movements. The deep belt was of blue and heliotrope satin cleverly combined, while the inner frills of the elbow sleeves also permitted the latter colour to show itself unveiled. Another very striking gown had the skirt formed of voluminous folds of violet chiffon, made up over a flowing underskirt composed of chiffon of a rich emerald hue. Green and purple iridescent sequins formed an elaborate design round hem and train, and the front and décolletage of the bodice. It was an imposing gown, but it cried aloud for a commanding personality to set it off. A nondescript little woman would have been overwhelmed beneath such daring colour and profusion of glitter.

Hats and Housekeeping.

So the fiat has gone forth that the economically-minded housewife has no legal right to the money that she saves from her husband's allowance for housekeeping. I wonder how many thrifty souls are troubled by this decree? Many a husband must have wondered at the short commons the housekeeping money has provided; he little thinks that his thin soup, his alternated entrée and very skinny fowl are the expression of the saving propensities with which the wife of his bosom is enabled to buy a hat that will cut out the "next door but one." Perhaps the recent decision in the law courts will mend these economical practices to the benefit of the lord and master's "little Mary." I wonder.

Troubles of Genius.

Just now there is much searching of heart in musical circles on account of the very small demand for talent. Every year thousands of long haired young men and soulful eyed young women issue from the doors of the many conservatoires of music with which the country is dotted. The talented folk find it extremely easy to win applause in the drawing-rooms of their friends, but it is quite another matter to wrest a living from the concert platform. Many raise what capital they can in order to give a concert, but the only person who benefits from this expenditure is the agent to whom the matter is entrusted. Then follows much agony of spirit, which, with the musically inclined, is rarely if ever, tempered by philosophy. The people to be blamed for this unhappy condition of things are the fond and foolish parents, who in their silly vanity encourage their offspring to follow an art that is in small request in this country. If these young people had devoted their talents to more material, if less attractive, occupations, much unhappiness would be spared to sensitive souls. It should always be remembered that art is a very delightful hobby, but when it becomes a question of earning bread and cheese it is a hideous slavery.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

XXIII.—A LONG-FELT WANT—THE LATEST OUT.

If, according to current report, the devil is the father of lies, I feel sure that America must be the mother of invention. News comes from that great country that Professor Musterberg, of Harvard University, U.S.A., has invented an apparatus designed to reveal all the secrets of the human heart, the human brain, and, I presume, the human liver. It consists of an automatograph, a pneumograph, and a sphygmograph; which, for short, I shall hereafter take leave to describe as an automatopneumosphyg. Fastened to your head, the pneu takes account of the thoughts in your brain, fixed on your wrist the sphyg draws out the emotions of your heart, and attached to your arm the automato starts writing down without reticence or shame all the pneu and the sphyg reveal. I have not the honour of the acquaintance of Professor Mustard, but always supposing that he is not a gifted exponent of irreligious inexactitude, I think he is fairly entitled to congratulation on the production of another long-felt want. The automatopneumosphyg should soon be a household word.

I was going to say that no home should be without it. But I cannot disguise from myself that in the hands of the exceedingly inquisitive it is likely to be abused. I can foresee that in many homes at present unshadowed by a cloud—homes in which there is nothing but sunshine, and love, and molasses—the automatopneumosphyg inopportunely applied will cause a change in the weather. The serpent will glide into Eden. All the flowers in the garden will be horrible. The roses will get the green fly, and the lavender the mildew, and the forget-me-nots the wireworm; and if the judges don't get the divorce case I shall be surprised.

What will happen when a poor man comes home between the supper and the milk-can with the old, old story that he was detained at business, missed his train, and had to wait all through the long, long, dreary hours of the night coiled up in the waiting-room without fire, supper, or whisky? When he is fast asleep, or, if she is strong, when he is wide awake, his wife will strap on that cursed automatopneumosphyg and proceed to drag out the innermost secrets of his heaving bosom, and that yarn of his will be revealed under the clear, fierce light of Truth as a pale and ineffectual inaccuracy. He may squirm, he may bluster, he may rave at the gross violation of the sacred precincts of his heart and conscience. But, after breakfast, his wife will consult a solicitor, and go and dwell with her mother while the private detectives complete their investigations; and one of these cold and frosty mornings he will wake up to find his full name and address in all the evening papers.

That is a great drawback to the automatopneumosphyg. Though Professor Mustard may seek to hide this fact, I don't care who knows it. It is my duty to warn husbands who won't go home till morning that this patent revealer is not the sort of thing to have loose about the house. In this respect it is like the phonograph; it should be kept under lock and key. But there are special occasions when its value can hardly be over-estimated. An American paper has called the automatopneumosphyg the "Cure Liar," and I can conceive no greater public service the members of the Tariff Reform League can render than that of wearing upon them this machine every time they go on the stump. At present the heart of a Tariff Reform Leaguer is double-locked. We only know what he says. With the automatopneumosphyg strapped about his anatomy we should know what he thinks. If the record didn't sprain the front and rear axles of the drum, rupture the sparking plug, and blow up the accumulator, it can stand a greater strain of thumpers to the square inch than that with which I am at present inclined to credit it.

And the thing could be put to invaluable uses in other spheres of labour. Every Cabinet Minister, member of Parliament, clergyman, barrister, journalist, golfer, angler, and big-game hunter might be compelled to wear one whenever he was on duty. Leaving the others out of account for the moment, I think it is clear that anglers and Cabinet Ministers would find the automatopneumosphyg, I will not say a boon and a blessing to them, but a great convenience to all who heard them. The innermost secret of a Cabinet Minister's or angler's bosom would be a contribution to human understanding and human knowledge worth twopence, if not more, in good English money. Imagine for a brief, bright, and brotherly moment Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Balfour walking to and fro in the earth with the automatopneumosphyg fastened on them, and in good going order. They need never make a political speech again.

Mother Seigel's SYRUP

INDIGESTION is the root cause of nearly all human ailments. It robs you of the power to digest your food, says the very source of life itself. Slowly your strength ebbs away, you are tortured with pain, and life becomes a misery.

Mother Seigel's Syrup is a purely vegetable compound having a specific action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. It promotes healthy action of the stomach and intestines, expels impurities from the system, enriches the blood and thus imparts health and tone to every part of the body.

TAKE IT DAILY AFTER MEALS.

Read this Testimony.

MRS. B. BRUMBY, of 201, RDINBORO' STREET, HESSLE ROAD, HULL, in a letter of May 2nd, 1907, says:

"I have never been ill since Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me, long years ago. I used to suffer dreadfully from indigestion, but it never troubles me now."

CURES INDIGESTION

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Copies of Prospectus may be had on application to—

McNEIL, HINDE & CO., STEAMSHIP MANAGERS, BOSTON BUILDINGS, CARDIFF.

TERRA COTTA COUNTRY.

A NEW HEALTH RESORT.

By Augustus Moore.

The Magician of Medan, who was christened Zola, once wrote a pretty story. It was of two young people whose family gave them on their marriage a circular ticket to visit and see all the sights of the great cities. On their way from one to the other, the train stopped in the middle of a cornfield, where a lark was singing. Instinctively they gathered their *handgepacke* together, opened the door, got out, walked to a farm, where they spent their honeymoon, and then went back to their friends and told beautiful lies about what they had seen in all the great cities.

This is what happened to me—with a difference. As we galloped through the long black rabbit-burrow that runs under the mountain, and emerged into the sunshine, the emerald landscape, the blue sky, and the little green *bahnhoff*, I felt we had found what we needed, namely, entire change, a new land where they spoke a *patois* which I could understand very little of; where my food, from *früschtuck* to *abendessen*, would be a surprise, where their costumes would be unconventional and bright colours, and where the very houses would be different from the grey old places which surround me in my eleven months of work. I passed through the *ausgang*, as we call it, and found myself in what I believe is a volcanic country, as much like my favourite Puy de Dôme, in Auvergne, as I could wish. I have called it Terra-cotta country, for here all the roads, and heaths, and houses are red, some beautifully new, as if the country were just recovering from an earthquake, and some old and quaint like Nürnberg, with wicked little devils, like those of Notre Dame, on their red roofs. Up the wooded hill side, too, I found an old-fashioned inn which I entered, and was shown by the *Kellner* into an old *biergarten*, with a green velvet lawn, and well-trimmed hedges, and birds singing in the trees. And when I had consumed a *stein*, as we call it, I found also Frau Vinall, who is, as is the custom with foreigners, the grey mare. With her I discussed terms, Herr Vinall beating her down in my very hearing, for they, as is the habit of innkeepers all over the world, both speak very good English, and we ended by making a most satisfactory arrangement.

And thus I entered into possession of clean and comfortable bedrooms and sitting-room at "Der Stier und das Gestraüch," as we continue to call it, though my German may not look as good when written down as when we say it quick. We are very happy here. Here I find all I have ever found on my most successful holidays which have been spent away from England. These have been at Royat-les-Bains, La Bourboule, and Mont Dore, which I have explained are in Auvergne, and at Königswinter, on the Rhine, close to Cologne. This is the life that suits me on a holiday, not only change of scenery, but new associations. I am not like Mark Twain's young American, who sought his countrymen and women when abroad—I see enough of my own people when I am toiling in London. When I am on holiday, I desire entirely different surroundings, another race, another language, another *Speize Karte*—it makes even the familiar potatoes taste different when I call for *Kartofflen*.

Londoners who have anything to do are much like goats walking much the same path, nibbling at much the same tufts, drinking from much the same wells and mountain streams, and running up against much the same flock of sheep we baa to, and goats we butt at, and who butt at and baa back at us. I love the volcanic valleys and hills of Auvergne, where I am understood little, and understand less of their lingo. But, leaving the old insular Adam behind me, I love to conform to their customs, and mingle with them, enjoying their picturesque clothes, learning their queer songs, and revelling in their barbaric *bourrées*. Königswinter, and all the Rhine provinces, with their eternal *bolas*, everlasting eating and speeches, singing at meals, and the light laughter and heavy drinking of the *studenten*, delight my soul. I love the people around me to be light-hearted in their lives, for I shall never forget a New Year's week I spent in that city of Dreadful Night—Glasgow. The graven, gaunt, granite faces of the people haunt me still.

It is holiday time, too, here, at "Der Stier und das Gestraüch. The country all round is full of joyous revellers, dressed in festal attire. It is a sort of annual improvised pageant. The pockets of the men seem to be full of money, and the national dress of the women is very gay in colour, principally purple, like the clematis *pergola* under which I sit and smoke, and their large gold earrings and rings have apparently all been cleaned up for the occasion. For miles round a carnival seems to be going on—it has been going on for days. All the country inns have *biergarten*, each has a platform for dancing, and those who are not dancing sit around at small tables, and sing their own folk songs, which are tuneful and sentimental, and which by some extraordinary freak of nature seem to harmonise more pleasantly than most Dutch choruses that I took part in when I was a student. And though the methods and the manners may be rough and ready, if you are in spirit with the pleasures of the people, as was Browning in "Pippa Passes," or "Fifine at the Fair," there is no offence in't.

No doubt there are some who would consider it boisterous, "most intolerable and not to be endured." It is boisterous, but it is not the boisterousness of tipsy young English undergraduates and city clerks on boat-race night in Piccadilly. It is merely the high spirits of foreigners who, as is generally admitted by English publicists, manage these things better than we do.

I am sitting under a green veranda, with red geraniums and white daisies growing over my head. The sky is a brilliant enamel. The little lawn is as smooth and green as a billiard-table cloth, and in the gardens around me these queerly-garbed and noisy people are eating, drinking, laughing, singing, and dancing to their own native instruments. But they do not disturb me, nor the flock of sparrows I am feeding, nor my son, who is a rather superior young man in the city. No doubt you who are left in London, and you who are condemned to take your week-ends at Margate or Ramsgate, like the "beautiful picture" which, as the popular song says, I have set "in a beautiful golden frame," and envy me. Well, I will let you into the secret of my enjoyment. Calling things by foreign names makes all the difference. You may come and sit on my lawn, and feed the sparrows, and join in the carnival for threepence, and listen to the folk-songs of these foreign people for nothing, for the inn "Der Stier und das Gestraüch" is only my bad German translation of "The Bull and Bush," and if you book on the tube for Golder's Green you will find the country and the people much as I have described them. Why leave London? It contains everything in the world—even mountains higher than most of those in Switzerland, and as I look down on London from Hampstead I can see houses, and they look lovely—in the distance.

A CIVIL SERVANT'S WORKING DAY.

By Duxmia.

10 a.m.—Work begins. That is, officially speaking, work begins. As a matter of cold reality, we do not even come till twenty-past. There is no danger of being detected, as our chiefs do not come till eleven.

10.30 to 11.—We read the paper.

11 a.m.—Work begins. Blogson tells a funny story.

12.30.—Robinson completes the last funny story. We adjourn for lunch.

1.30.—We return from lunch, and go out for a ten minutes' walk.

2.15.—We return from the ten minutes' walk. Work resumed.

2.30.—Perkins makes tea.

3.0.—Perkins finds there is no spirit for the lamp. We all go out to borrow spirit from other rooms. The same process repeated for sugar and tea.

3.15.—The lamp is lit.

3.20.—The lamp goes out.

3.25.—The lamp is re-lit.

3.30.—The tea boils.

3.30 to 4.—We all drink tea.

4.—Robinson tells a tale about a dog.

4.15.—We discuss the chances of promotion. Agreed they are abnormally small. We curse the Controller.

4.20.—Perkins advocates a Parliamentary inquiry into our grievances.

4.30.—Brown discovers the clock is seven minutes slow. He puts it on amid general rejoicing.

4.37.—We get ready to go.

4.45.—Five o'clock. We go.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

It may mean Five Pounds for you this week.

SEE PAGE 1.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Liberals would like to Bury St. Edmund's.
That Raisuli will again bagpipes.
That the Bishop of London's nickname is "Aunty."
That more omnibus companies are going "bussed."
That the Arabs think General Drude D-rude.
That the Limerickers would like to give Byles Beans.
That the remission of sentences scheme is intended as a compliment to our judges.
That there are no "hoppers" in the Kent pickers' huts.
That "Tingodism" would be a better name than "Tingleyism."

"The 'privilege' cab has existed for more than half a century," says the *Express*. But some of them are much older than that.

The Committee of Experts find that St. Paul's is as safe "as it was in Wren's time." Stale news; the *Mail* said it *wasn't*.

"Women with pretty teeth will laugh at a stupid joke," says New York *Judge*. It ought to know.

It is said there is a great dearth of doctors in South Africa. Life insurance rates should be low.

UNNATURAL HISTORY NOTES:—
Monkey.—A variety of the "oofbird," very difficult to secure and domesticate. Given to dissipation.
Goat.—A species of game; very playful.
Puff-ad-der.—A journalistic reptile, very prevalent in Fleet Street. Lives on corruption, but has always plenty of spirit.
Cat.—A creature with nine lives and nine tails, one about each life. Chiefly found on the tiles. Moral habits doubtful.
Kite.—Another kind of "oofbird," notable for its disinclination to settle. Always found at the end of its tether.
Pigeon.—A harmless description of calf, which, though much preyed upon, is rarely "saved." Frequently found without a feather to fly with.
Tiger.—A cub, most prolific in the landau Belgravia. Gives a good "sauce" when "roasted."
Fly.—So-called because it never does. Generally to be found near railway stations. Lives on nervous old ladies and gouty gentlemen. Now threatened with extinction.

Mr. Haldane says the Government will deprive the Lords of the veto if it takes twenty years to do it. A very Liberal estimate.

The "onion cure" for colds is stated to be gaining ground. Kissing is evidently going out of fashion.

"The Master Crime" is the title of a recent book. Well named.

For pulling a policeman's nose a Kensington man was pulled up before the "beak." He should have pulled his leg.

At a recent farmers' banquet in Natal, they drank to the "health of the pigs." Nothing new for bacon to be toasted.

According to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, "the Limerick face is the perfection of beauty." The Limerick *phase* is the reverse.

A tax on bachelors is being imposed at Absecon, New Jersey. The sufferers threaten to fly to arms.

A Captain Bailey has abandoned the Salvation Army to appear at the music-halls in a sketch called "The Musical Nightmare." Was he in the band?

A Texas nonagenarian has divorced his wife, aged eighty-three, because she flirted with a man ninety-two years old. Giddy whelks!

The Peers won't have any more old women on the magisterial benches. One to them.

At Frinton a drowning girl was saved by a Miss Herring, who naturally felt quite at home in the water.

Mrs. Miller, of Baltimore, who was married at 15, has just been divorced after two years of married life. We suppose the usual line will follow:—Going to school to finish her "education."

Mr. N. A. Knox is giving up cricket for singing. As he understands "pitch" we may look for "no-bawls."

Colonel A. H. M. Edwards has been appointed Assistant Commissioner to the Metropolitan Police. He should prove a good friend to the constables, having gained distinction for his protection of Lombard's Kop.

The Countess of Warwick intends to close her famous school at Bigods, Dunmow, Essex. Jim Crow is said to have received his training at Bigods.

"Thanks for putting me on to the Clemak Safety Razor" it's a jolly good thing.

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that means a square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are COMPLETE AT FIVE SHILLINGS. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber with the first shave—IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy "CLEMAK" blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 2/6 per packet of 6, post free.

"COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED" IS THE "CLEMAK" MOTTO
"CLEMAK" book on "SELF-SHAVING" (48 pages) post free on application.
SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

On Sale at all Clements' Razor Depots: 99 & 123, Strand (under Savoy Hotel), 42, Old Broad Street, 49, Moorgate Street, 66, Cheapside (under Bennett's clock), 127, High Holborn, 61, Gracechurch Street, 13, London Street, E.C., 45, Queen Victoria Street, 17, Billiter Street.

Every quality that makes for perfection in Shaving Soap is found in "Shavallo"—

a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

For comfort and speed in Shaving, no other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign—measures up to "Shavallo" in its special Ivorine Case—and "Shavallo" is British made.

Shavallo
THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP

In Ivorine case, allowing direct application of soap to face, 1/- each. Ordinary cake in carton, 4½d. each, of most Hairdressers and Chemists.

Made by JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.,
SOAP MAKERS TO THE KING,
THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.

"The New Scotch Measures." So runs a headline in a contemporary. We earnestly hope that they will hold more.

H.M.S. "Lutine," which was wrecked off Holland in 1799, is to be salved shortly. It is expected that there will be found a lot of loot in it, as well as some evidence which may bring the persons responsible for the disaster to book.

A son of the ex-King Milan has attempted suicide, and is suspected of being influenced by some secret grief. Perhaps his copy of John Bull was only one figure short of the winner.

The "Temeraire," Britain's third "Dreadnought," is an improvement on the other two. She will be known officially as the "Dread o o o."

A correspondent wishes to know if there is any hour in the evening at which piano-playing must cease. Piano-playing in the evening must cease at twelve o'clock. But there is no rule as to what hour in the morning it may be commenced again.

The insurance companies have received some strange compensation claims under the new Act. Here are a few specimens:—

Cook, whilst pouring out boiling water, looks up suddenly as Robert taps at the window.—Scalded arm.

Painter, whilst climbing ladder, looks at paper for Limerick winners.—Broken arm.

Postman, walking quickly along, reading picture postcard from Paris, collides with lamp-post.—Concussion.

Servant, standing behind mistress, who tries to aim a stone at a strange cat.—Eye cut out.

Office boy, taking letter containing dishonoured cheque to gouty principal.—Severe contusions to head.

Servant, holding nail in position for cross-eyed master.—Smashed thumb.

Chauffeur, who gives up the wheel to master returning from a public dinner.—Not expected to recover.

Servant, looking through keyhole to ascertain whether Ethel's young man has gone home.—Inflammation of the eyes.

A young girl had part of her hair cut off by a strange man. Thieves usually care little for locks.

In a discussion, "How to Live to 100," a correspondent says, "Dance and Live." Many dye to dance.

The *Queen* says:—"We can only hope that neither the crinoline nor bustle will come back in our time." The bustle is always with us.

Appropriate Streets:—

Bakers—Bread Street.
Mantle makers—Cloak Lane.
Builders—Lime Street.
Poulterers—Poultry.
Millionaires—Golden Lane.
Pork butchers—Mincing Lane.
Chemists—Camomile Street.
Loungers—Idol Lane.
Steeplejacks—Monument Street.
Musicians—Harp Lane.
Catholics—Pope's Head Alley.
Hawkers—Gutter Lane.
Drapers—Petticoat Lane.
Convicts—Wormwood Street.
Drunkards—Philpot Lane.
Bee farmers—Honey Lane Market.
Archers—Bow Street.
Dairymen—Milk Street.
Nurses—Red Cross Street.
Taxidermists—Falcon Square.
Pro-Boers—Little Britain.

One of the papers asks, "Do bells draw people to church?" Well, the belles draw some of the men, and the hats and feathers most of the women.

A Lowestoft man suggests that half-crowns should be abolished. His own half-crown, if he pleases. But we don't like the idea of Parliament fumbling with *our* change.

Mr. Ernest Moon, K.C., has been appointed Speaker's Counsel, in place of the Hon. Sir Chandos Leigh. Apparently the Speaker has chosen a bright man.

A member of Parliament says the Government have passed their measures this Session by nigger-driving tactics. No wonder they made such a black record.

It is reported that the King is shortly to meet the Czar at sea. A busy man, our King—always Russian about.

The statement is made that in England fifty thousand people are at present married to lunatics. We had a dim idea that there were about a hundred times the number.

Mr. Joseph Lyons has written a novel in collaboration with somebody else. As current literature it takes the bun.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

F. H. M. (Bow) and W. G. (Croydon).—The numbering of our covers does not follow consecutively. We leave the printers to start the machine each week at any number they like.

Several readers have suggested that it would be an advantage if our ballot numbers were printed inside the paper instead of on the cover. In that case, however, they would have to be printed upon a fast Rotary machine, and we could not guarantee that the apparatus would work correctly. The cover is, of course, printed by a slower process.

J. L. C. (Lincoln).—Every number printed is balloted for; but, of course, a very large number of people do not trouble to keep their covers, whilst others do not think of checking the numbers. All readers have equal chances.

H. J. M. (London, S.E.) and others.—You are very critical. We suppose Mr. Plowden should have said the dog took its life in its paws. Anyhow, we can't pause to give any of these dogs a biscuit.

W. E. (London, N.W.).—We suppose the second "read" should read "speak."

F. S. W. (Sheffield) relates how a manufacturer of spades was asked for an increase of salary by a man in receipt of 18s. a week. He taxed the man with smoking, and asked "Pray how much do you squander weekly upon that filthy habit?" "One and four" was the reply. "Very well," said the generous employer, "I'll give you an extra 2d.; leave off smoking, and you have an advance of 1s. 6d. weekly." That was certainly mean, but nearly 7½ per cent. of a man's income spent on smoke does sound rather extravagant.

G. S. (Birmingham) tells us a nice little story. A poor young man was summoned for gambling and fined 5s. and costs, making a total of 13s. As he had only 9s. with him, he had to go down. In the cells he met two more youths in a similar predicament. They had about 14s. each on them. So they promptly put down a coat and played pitch and toss, until the first youth had won 4s. He then paid and came out. We had no idea they were such sportsmen in Birmingham.

E. A. W. (London, E.C.).—We think the days of the Limerick craze are numbered.

H. C. C. (London, E.C.) sends an absurd cutting from the *Daily News* about some Russian deserters, who jumped into the English Channel at Rotterdam and were picked up eight miles from Start Point two hours later. Quite a record in the way of swimming.

S. L. (Boston, Lincs.)—For some reason or other many people seem to go mad about the deceased wife's sister question. If you live long enough, you may hope to see Jim Crow's picture. Why not run up and meet him in the flesh—or the devil?

J. N. W. (Manchester).—A loose use of the word, but scarcely worth a biscuit.

E. G. de M. (Blackheath).—The Hungarian lottery is probably fair, but it takes a large percentage, and we know nothing of the agents. There is evidently some mistake in the prospectus, for lotteries are not usually run at a loss.

J. J. R. (Belvedere) and others send us a reference to the *St. Andrew's, Hertford, Parish Magazine*, whose editor waxed sarcastic about the appearance of a farthing in the offertory: "We are charitable enough to think that the coin was put in the bag by mistake for half a sovereign." Then why grumble? "If we are wrong in that surmise, and if the farthing was offered with the full knowledge that it was a farthing, then we can only characterise this incident as the most disgraceful that has come under our notice during our ministerial career." But surely there is no obligation to make any offering at all. The reverend gentleman should have thanked his stars that he was not offered a button or cough-drop. And he might have remembered that there is a very good precedent for small contributions. We believe the widow's mite was only half a farthing, but it was not considered a "flagrant insult to the solemn service of the altar." We can sympathise with the finder of a glittering coin which turned out to be a farthing, but he must bear his disappointment like a man.

T. R. G. (Wishaw) has "several stalwart lads" ready to leave school, and asks our advice what to do with them. That is rather a large order, as we know nothing of their capabilities. Some jockeys make a decent income, we understand.

H. R. W. (Ruabon).—It was silly of the *Liverpool Daily Post* to head a report "Chester man heavily fined," and then inform us that the bench dismissed the case. But we do not see anything excruciatingly funny in the account of the accident, which broke a horse's legs and rendered a man unconscious for two hours.

E. P. (Norwich) saw a notice in Cringleford Churchyard, inviting him to "walk prayerfully," and he wants Jim Crow to tell him how to do it. Jim suggests shutting his eyes, opening his mouth, and going on all fours.

J. M. A. (Walthamstow).—We give you the biscuit because the paper you ridicule made no mistake.

S. R. (Leicester).—No biscuits for clumsy punctuation, or the tin would soon be empty.

"Brighton."—Very unfortunate, but what can we do?

"Caxton" wants to know if any Yorkshire readers can tell him about Morrison and Co., French Chambers, Queen's Dockside, Hull. He paid them two sums of money for entries in the "Yorkshire Trades Directory" and the "Huddersfield Trades

J. G. (Battersea) wants some facts about Lever and Dr. Northcliffe to "rain down" his "pal's throat." We hesitate to encourage such a drench, but we suppose Lever will get his money, unless the lawyers have eaten it all up. Facts are dry things for parched throats.

J. S. C. (Newcastle).—Tush! We are tired of the Macdonald Company. See all our back numbers.

A. C. (Hackney Wick).—Very hard on you to have to "keep the piece" for 12 months when you were not the instigator of the altercation; still harder to lose shillings over your prosecution. But litigation is expensive nowadays. We willingly "excuse the righting." It was very good of you to trouble to write at all. Cheer up!

"PERCOR" (Leytonstone) sends the *Woodford Times* for July 19th with an advertisement announcing that a reception will take place on May 3rd. Carelessness is not a sufficient plea for the distribution of biscuits.

L. C. W. (London, E.C.) is to be congratulated on being "too young to enter Limerick competitions and too old to send money." The golden mean, eh?

W. G. (Edinburgh) and H. B. P. (London, E.C.) answer "Sulphur's" inquiry about the Employers' General Bureau (96, High Holborn). W. G. paid half a guinea, but could get no answers except the intimation that there was "nothing doing." Surely the firm ought to have known that before taking money. H. B. P. has a friend who paid £1, heard nothing, and at last, after infinite trouble, had 12s. 6d. refunded. He himself paid 2s. 6d., but was only told there was "nothing doing." He says a "solitary lady clerk" conducts all the business. He also tried Baronet's Employment Agency (63, Charlotte Street, W., late Rathbone Place, Oxford Street), but was discouraged by the appearance of the office when he called. He protests against the masonic emblem on their writing paper. He is ready to take on the jobs offered to Alfred Ware, though he has not had the advantage of being a criminal. He is too lame for heavy manual work, but would be glad of a job. Perhaps our readers will help? The sensational cases of destitution are not always or necessarily the most deserving.

B. H. (Todmorden).—A postmaster who cashed a stolen note would be in the same position as any other tradesman. Thanks for biscuit.

F. J. S. wishes to know how to obtain information about the using of a crest which he believes was used by his ancestors. He should communicate with the Heralds College, or College of Arms, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

G. W. S. (Liverpool).—You must be a new reader, or you would have been aware of our constant exposures of the Premium Tea methods. These signatures are obtained by all sorts of devices from other firms, to whom you have at some time written.

W. H. G.—An obvious misprint. Besides, you do not give the name of the paper.

C. C. P. (Balham) says that the Highland Railway is in a dangerous condition, "the sleepers, generally speaking, are much the worse for wear, in places charred with hot cinders having rested on them, but the most serious and dangerous point is that a tremendous lot of the iron chains in which the rails rest are fastened to the sleeper with two rivets only. These appear to be working out, dozens (visible) are almost an inch out of the socket. Travellers cannot be aware of the awful risk they run." This must be inquired into.

J. C. S. (Ventnor).—We will give him a little mild chaff.

L. N. S. P. (Southwark).—You left other things beside steering to chance when you went in for a Limerick competition.

J. R. (Forest Hill).—We don't undertake to distinguish between the merits (?) of Limerick lines, but yours were not worse than the rest.

"ALPHA" (Northampton).—We have so frequently explained that, despite all our troubles, we have so far succeeded in keeping our hair on, that we are not in a position to give advice as to the merits of the various hair specialists who advertise their wares.

H. R. (London) sends us a copy of our old friend, *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*, in which, under the heading "papers for all readers," foreigners are advised to take in JOHN BULL. Our light-hearted contemporary, with his usual shrewdness, recognises the fact that everybody at home already does so.

H. B. (Uxbridge Road).—Avoid Kimball's anti-rheumatic rings.

A. P. (London, W.).—Thanks for sweet biscuit.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE" (Tooting).—Do they really read *Punch* at Tooting? And why should this be a question of fair play?

H. J. R. (Leeds) sends the following advertisement:—

> Lost, Young Black Leg Parson (Tippler) (777); reward.—Robinson, Artificial Limb Maker, East Parade, Leeds.

with the pertinent ejaculation: "What funny things get lost now!" We wonder why Robinson wanted to find a blackleg and a tippler, even though he was a parson. We never heard a blackleg mistaken for an artificial limb before.

E. W. D. (Woodbridge).—We hope it was not an intelligent anticipation of events.

C. R. F. (Bristol) writes a long and interesting letter on the subject of Mr. James Sherliker's recent article on "Half-timers," and also in reference to recent statements of Mr. Richards, M.P., regarding the thirst of a certain Welsh member.

Drink and Enjoy

LIPTON'S TEA

The Finest the World can Produce.

Tea Merchants

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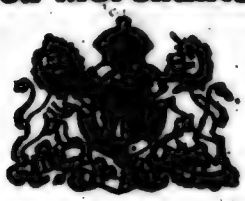

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BUY FROM THE GROWERS.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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THE
LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

WALTER CLIFFORD & Co., Ltd.,

8, Mildmay Chambers,
Old Broad Street, E.C.,
82, Bishopsgate Street Within,

DEALERS IN

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Immediate Cash Payments, irrespective of Account Days.

Write for latest edition of pamphlet

"WEALTH"

Sent Free on Application—together with our Terms of Dealing.

CASH ADVANCED ON APPROVED SECURITIES.

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY

FROM £20 TO £5,000

'Phone: 0713 Central.

For short or long periods in town or country, on Note of Hand, without Surety or Security. Repayments to suit clients' convenience. No inquiry fees. Strictest privacy. Interviews unnecessary. Cash sent by post. Bills discounted.

CHARLES STEVENS & CO.,
12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

LADIES ARE WAITING

for their husbands to write for free samples and coloured designs of CATESBYS' CORK LINO. No other durable floor covering achieves so much success and costs so little. Floor scrubbing labour is done away with, dust troubles are removed, and real charm is introduced into the home furnishing with the arrival of this pretty and popular floor covering.

FREE sample pieces, together with fine book of coloured designs, sent by post.

CATESBY AND SONS,
(Desk 20), 64-67, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

CHARING CROSS BANK

(Established 1870.)

22, Bedford Street, Charing Cross, London, and
32, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bristol, etc.

Assets, £1,607,848. Liabilities, £1,236,571. Surplus, £371,278.

LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares and furniture, without removal.

Stocks and Shares bought and sold.

Two-and-a-half per cent. allowed on Current Account Balances.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under:—

Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 "
" 12 " " " 7 "

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.

Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

What is Your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

Directory," 1907 edition, but he now doubts whether such books exist. The second payment was obtained by "the Borough Publishing Company" of the same address and Jameson Street, Hull.

For "Bandari Nero" in No. 65, read "Bandarillero."

B. S. (Forest Gate) returns to the charge about his racing system. He wants us to back the top-weight in every race, and, when several horses carry top-weight, select the one with the best record. Suppose two of them have equally good records?

E. W. C. (Manchester).—Yes, how silly.

J. S. (Castleton).—Exposed very often.

"Olde Frend" (Bedford Park).—Your poem seems to have gone the way of most poems which reach this office. Very sorry.

"Constant Reader," *à propos* of our recent statement that, given a man's favourite dishes, we could tell his character, furnishes us with details of his culinary propensities—which include "greens of any kind" and "apples, with or without cream." We have referred the matter to Jim Crow.

O. B. (Islington) wishes to know whether it is "right" that the Underground Electric Railway should employ women as carriage cleaners, and also whether it is "right" that they should employ boys as ticket collectors, at 10s. or 12s. a week, for working ten hours a day and every other Sunday. We can only say, with the Lancashire chap, "it doant seem reet to us"; whether it is legal or not is another matter.

J. C. R. (Eastbourne) tells us that our recent references to the Mayor's Sunday window campaign were much appreciated by the good folk of breezy Eastbourne; and, as evidence that his is a thoroughly up-to-date town, tells the following story:—A London visitor accidentally dropped a florin instead of a penny into the Pier Company's lavatory door. On applying for the change he was sent a P.O. for 1s. 6d., with the following account: "Use of lavatory, 1d.; postal order, 1d.; stamp, 1d.; writing letter, 3d.; total, 6d." Good of them not to charge for the envelope!

Indigestion (Manchester).—We hope you are better by now.

R. B. P. (London), referring to our recent paragraph about a theatrical handbill, which we attributed "to a Brompton parson," writes that this bill was extensively posted in the Isle of Thanet about 40 years ago, and he then ascertained that its author was no less a person than the Rev. Rowland Hill (1744-1833), whose chapel, now an ironmonger's store, still stands in Blackfriars Road. R. B. P. adds, "Rowland Hill had a style of his own, and, though eccentric, was certainly never consciously blasphemous."

A. R. C. (Sheffield).—Thanks for your candid and interesting criticisms of our journal. We agree with very much that you say.

J. N. W. (Hereford) has apparently taken seriously our joke about the Bishop of London's deputation to the Prime Minister on the subject of the nude condition in which babies are born. He assures us that "England is far more immoral now than it was fifty years ago." Oh! those Cathedral cities!

E. P. (Bournemouth) sticks up for the quiet Sunday, and assures us that the Rev. J. D. Jones is in no sense a narrow-minded bigot. Glad to hear it.

W. G. B. (Guiseley).—Sorry we did not meet you in the House, and that we are not able to identify the Members to whom you refer.

A. J. O'L. (Saltley) thinks the Kensit people would be better employed in endeavouring to reform people who do not believe in any kind of Christian Church, rather than in stirring up discord amongst those who do. We do not claim to be authorities upon Church matters, but are disposed to say "Hear, hear."

L. G. (Queenhithe) sends us an advertisement from the *Express*, from which we see that the gentleman to whom we recently awarded one of our world-renowned biscuits for advertising "a real diamond locket with exquisite necklace" for 3s. 6d., is continuing his advertising, and advising readers to "see notice in John Bull." We are disposed to award him a second biscuit—for his impertinence.

W. C. M. (Gloucester) calls our attention to the conduct of the Vicar of Prestbury, near Cheltenham, who objected, at a recent Oddfellows' dinner, to submitting the simple toast of "The King," unless he could preface it with "The Church"; he was thereupon superseded in the chair by a "Mr. Cecil." Any relation to Lord Hugh?

R. J. (Forest Hill).—Thanks for interesting and ingenious postcard.

Dick (Lenzie, N.B.), *à propos* our recent letter to Lord Brampton, in which we expressed the view that "if life could be bought by the hour we should all be purchasers, in which case millionaires would live longest," tells us of an epitaph he came across in Elgin Cathedral:—

"If life were a thing that money could buy,
The poor could not live and the rich would not die."

We agree that the idea is very neatly expressed.

Copper (Cheshire).—You should communicate with the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, New Scotland Yard, London, S.W., who will send you full particulars regarding the qualifications for the force.

A. R. P. (Harringay) wishes us to lessen the odds against our readers obtaining successful numbers. Assuming our circulation to be a hundred thousand (which he correctly surmises is far too modest an estimate) he observes that the chances are 10,000 to one against the winner. We would, however, point out that we have no field money.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of the "*Globe*.")

Their Customers are Opposite.

Results suit the ring and the s.p. men quite differently.

Can only Gamble in Currants.

There is no horse-racing of any kind in Greece.

The New Craze.

This has been more than ever an "Irish" season for thoroughbreds!

Notice It.

One rarely gets as good prices all round on a racecourse as "s.p."

It was the same over the Ebor.

There is really no future event betting nowadays, each side being apparently afraid of each other.

A Mere Variation.

On some course in America, and at Randwick in Australia, a single-handed starting-gate is in use.

An Old Maxim.

At every game, especially racing, those who have been the worst poachers make the best gamekeepers.

Not so Here.

In the Colonies racing is recognised as the sport of the public—and it is the public who are catered for.

A Pity, but True.

To the real racing man there is no disguising the fact that ladies are a trouble to take to or be with on a course.

Not Allowable Here.

Almost without exception all owners in South America who possess breeding studs run their horses in the stud's name.

The Time Test.

It is as much a question of horses, either in big handicaps or paltry races, being backed at the "right moment" as by the "right people."

Turf Parlance.

A Yankee slang expression concerning one horse beating another is "taking him into camp."

Curious Courses.

At Cartmel races horses run round a church; at Jersey through a gap in a stone wall.

Our Usual Lethargy.

France is surely but slowly ousting us for the thoroughbred horse breeding industry.

Can't Command Success.

The Duke of Westminster has the best racing stable in South Africa, but his horses have, so far, been very unlucky.

True, I Fear.

Madden's fall and savaging by a horse at Brighton last year has done him, and his nerve, no good. So say racegoers, and this season's happenings confirm it.

By the Seaside.

The chief summer training centre in Belgium is the sands at Maria Kerke, near Ostend, where there is a straight two miles.

A Paying Game.

The firms who keep racing accounts can truly claim to have golden ledgers, which are filled at the rate (to owners) of two guineas per page—and they are such small pages, too.

The Thin Line.

Trainers who hold a professional licence as such yet figure as amateur jockeys, which is surely a bigger anomaly than an amateur (?) of the cricket and athletic world!

Public Convenience should be Studied.

Objections—particularly those it is possible to settle at once—should *never* be allowed to run over, especially if it be a week-end, so that they interfere with the "settling."

No Beating the Old School.

The highest number of winning mounts any jockey has ever had is the late Fred Archer's 246 in 1885, the year before his death. On no fewer than eight occasions did he well exceed 200 winning mounts; but only one other jockey, Tom Loates, in 1893, has since then ever got beyond the double century.

In Mind's Eye Only.

What indelible prejudices and fancies we all do get concerning particular horses. Some we assess as sprinters, and will never realise that they can stay a distance; others we assume to be plodders, and will not hear of their winning a sprint. Further, both as to imaginary shape and colour, we are frequently wrong when we see the horse about whom we have formed an opinion.

Farcical Restrictions.

The well-known racing sweepstakes in Australia are termed "consultations." Although in a sense recognised by Government—anyhow, in Tasmania—their conduct is somewhat hampered by the fact that the postal authorities will not deliver applications for tickets enclosing remittances. Buyers must remit to a friend or a bank, who must themselves apply for the vouchers. It is the same in regard to the collecting of subsequent winnings.

No One Infallible.

The very cleverest among owners and trainers make the biggest mistakes in turn, and it is therefore never safe to be carried away by popular sway in buying or selling horses. How frequently do we hear of an animal being submitted to auction that his owner or trainer, as the case may be, "would not get rid of him if he were any good"? Yet times out of number, in cases of both cheap purchases and high-priced animals, immediate success has followed, and frequently horses have proved gold mines to those who ran the risks of trying to do what someone else with a big reputation failed to do or hesitated in. Polymelus and Wuffy are recent cases in point.

One's Luck.

There is a very narrow margin, and yet all the difference in the world, between owning a lucky, all-conquering Wuffy or an ill-fated Bibiani—always just beaten as the outcome of some trivial cause. To be second in the Cesarewitch, the Chester Cup, and Great Ebor Handicap, with a third in the Northumberland Plate, is a costly record. And the mare has been given her usual chance in next week's Great Yorkshire Handicap, and will doubtless run well, as usual, to find something just good enough to beat her. What wouldn't Mr. J. H. Houldsworth have given not to have sold Wuffy, had it been possible to imagine that he would win a race—especially an important stake—at York! The Stock Exchange members are with truth vowing that they might just as well be standing in the centre of a forty-acre field as in the "House" for all the business there is. "The" game is evidently to row in with Mr. Albert Bendon's luck.

The National Sporting League—future policy.

Five years ago, those who were engaged in trying to protect the rights and liberties of English sportsmen could not persuade one betting man in every hundred to join in the fight against the Anti-Gambling League, and the reason assigned was that no Government would ever dare to place upon the Statute book more stringent laws than at that time existed to restrict the liberties of the people to do as they wished with their own money. But within the last year we have been forcibly reminded by the passing of the Streets Betting Bill that the Government have dared to interfere with our liberties in one direction; and we know that at the instigation of the Anti-Betting Party that they are likely at no distant date to interfere further in a manner which will make betting almost an impossibility except on a racecourse, and even there one's freedom will be very much restricted, so much so that before very long, if the apathy continues, sportsmen will find themselves entering upon a great struggle for the very existence of betting at all. Therefore, if they are to utilise the full measure of their resources (which are none too great), they should bring about unity amongst all sections of sporting classes by working together for one common object, namely, the legislation of Ready-Money Betting in registered offices conducted by licensed bookmakers. Surely it is possible for all sections to work hand-in-hand for the great object named, and the difficulties are not so great as many people think they are. If everyone interested would only, either by money or influence, offer to help in the work which is so urgently needed, the Sporting League should, by the firmness of their appeal, soon create a public sentiment in their behalf. They are not short of good writers, who would show to the general public their just claims for legislation, and we could get any number of good public speakers who are in sympathy with the movement and would be glad to take service, provided it was shown by our actions that the sporting forces were willing to help themselves. It has been said that there are twenty thousand bookmakers in this country. If there were half that number, surely this fact alone should make them realise their own power to make an impression on the Legislature. It is not given to everyone to be able to work actively in this matter, but contributions to the National Sporting League funds and private influence will show men's inclination to bring about a better state of things than at present exists, by having the business placed upon a fair and commonsense basis.

"John Bull" recognises its Sporting Readers.

For many weeks there has been an advertisement on this page—I have often alluded to it—the photos of Mintagon, Trigg up, Polymelus, ridden by Maher, and the writer. All are on one sheet, and each is autographed, whilst the horses and jockeys are done in colour, and are absolutely *lifelike* portraits of man and horse. The owner,

trainers, and jockeys have all in unison praised them as splendid pictures and true photographs. JOHN BULL had 10,000 done to celebrate the popular "double" of Mintagon's Cesarewitch and Polymelus's Cambridgeshire of last back-end. Such an event in this rapidly-moving world is now "a thing of the past," but there can be no denying what excellent mementoes these photos make, for their equal as an equine portrait has NEVER been produced. Some 1,500 of these pictures—which will years hence have great sporting value—are left over, and it has never been an ingredient of JOHN BULL's nature to play "dog in the manger." Therefore, one each will be given GRATUITOUSLY to its readers (who undertake to keep and display it) who are the owners or managers of licensed houses, tobacconist shops, billiard-rooms, or hairdressing saloons—such places where sportsmen do congregate and "talk racing." Each application must be upon the *printed* notepaper of the house or business, and enclose a penny stamp for postage. In giving away these pictures, which for 10,000 cost us 4½d. each, we can hardly also be expected to throw in the postal tube (½d.) and postage. It will be a case of first come first served as far as the remainder of the pictures go, but, in good faith, the conditions MUST be complied with by our readers. ANYONE not a regular JOHN BULL reader, and not possessing an establishment wherein he pledges himself to hang up (and, if he thinks the picture worth it, to frame) the photo, is not eligible to ask for the gift. Few saloons, bars, etc., but are decorated nowadays with sporting pictures; and if publicans fear so to do because of the eagle eye of the law, imagining that it might mean there is betting carried on there, then they are welcome to the photo for their own private room.

Our Sporting Photos.— Extended Generosity.

There has, of course, been a pretty strong demand from the public and others who, according to the original paragraph, were entitled to the photo; but more numerous still have been the, perhaps justified, complaints that the proprietors ought not to confine their offer of these pictures solely to those who are the owners of public-houses, tobacconists' shops, billiard saloons, etc. Recognising this—although there are not very many pictures left—I have pleasure in announcing that it is the proprietors' desire that, as far as the copies that do remain will go, they will be sent to ANY READER applying for *one*, and sending 1d. for the postage. The sole claim must be based on the truthful fact (and we will accept their word in good faith) that the applicants are readers of JOHN BULL and *will* undertake to exhibit the picture—framed or otherwise. Now, surely, is *everybody's* chance!

Prophetic.

To-day (Thursday) nothing can hope to beat

THE WHITE KNIGHT

in the Doncaster Cup, whilst one of the three-year-olds, probably MILDEW II. or BILLIDERE will take the Portland Plate. To-morrow BUSHRANGER must not be missed, and the Rothschild's colours will, as last year, be prominent in the Prince of Wales' Nursery.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., London, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

TRACE AND PERCY,
15, Jermyn-street, London, S.W.

NEW BOOK of RULES, containing the Fairest and most Comprehensive Terms of any reliable firm, now ready, and will be sent post free on application.

SYSTEMS and every description of TURF BUSINESS undertaken.

LARRY LYNX, in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes our success to Straightforwardness and Accuracy.

JAMES WEBSTER,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

THE TURF CHRONICLE, containing latest market movements on all important races, sent free on receipt of address.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.

Bankers:— England—London and Westminster Bank, London. Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow. Ireland—Bank of Ireland, Dublin.

Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

IF YOU KNEW

How much information is contained in OUR POCKET BOOK, you would send for a FREE copy.

"THE TURF RECORD," with all the weights and acceptances for the Autumn Handicaps, is also FREE to you.

ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK AND CO. (Dept. "P.") FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Established over Half a Century.

DON'T WORRY!
PUT YOURSELF IN THE HANDS OF A GOOD MAN!
and your commissions will be safe.

Send for copy of my Booklet and price-list for the back-end Handicaps.

THOMAS HENRY DEY,
Turf Accountant and Commission Agent,
MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND.

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(Member of Tattersall's)
51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, W.
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ALLDEN BROTHERS.
USUAL position in TATTERSALL'S and SMALL RING at ALEXANDRA PARK.
All Business conducted on the Course ONLY.
No Representatives and NO transactions by wire, 'phone, or letter.

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Turf Commission Agents,
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED ON STARTING PRICE OR ACCUMULATORS AT STARTING PRICE.
ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—
TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

Lavishly endowed with all these properties so essential to the Support, Building up, and Strengthening of the System.

FLESH REDUCTION—NEW METHOD

Corpulency cured. The body made symmetrical without Dieting, Drugs, or Concoctions. Hips and Abdomen reduced from two to six inches by the Clease System in a few weeks.

Typical Middle Age.

All Superfluous Flesh round the Abdomen and Hips can be easily removed by a series of prescribed bodily movements of an interesting and exhilarating nature, the practice of which will take up but a few minutes per day.

A distinct and conspicuous improvement is apparent in less than one week, and a reduction of from four to six inches round the abdomen can be obtained in the short period of from six to eight weeks. The system was originated entirely by Mr. F. Meredith Clease, Ph.L.D., of 74, New Bond Street, London, W., late Director of Exercises to Haileybury College, &c. It was only after nearly twenty years of practical experience that he was able to improve his system, so that it could physically perfect the body in any direction desired. This method is especially advantageous in fat reduction, and is superior to all other methods that aim at this object. Once the effects of the Clease-Method have been felt, it is impossible for the body ever to lose its beauty, fitness or symmetrical proportions.

Further, Mr. Clease is so confident of the efficacy of his treatment, that he is prepared to refund your full fees, if satisfactory results are not obtained.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

"Dear Sir,—In six weeks my abdomen has decreased six inches; hips and weight are also greatly reduced, and my height has increased three and a quarter inches.—J. G., Renfrewshire."

"Dear Mr. Clease,—In the short time I have been following your treatment, my hips have decreased three inches, bust increased four inches, and height increased two inches.—Mrs.——, May 28th."

The originals of these letters, with hundreds of others, can be seen at 74, New Bond Street, W.

LADIES wishing to discuss matter of a private nature can, by addressing letters "Lady Consultant," receive her personal advice.

FREE AN INSTRUCTIVE AND INTERESTING BOOK OF 96 PAGES.

173.

Put a mark X against any of the following in regard to which you desire special improvement.

Round Shoulders.
Flat Chest.
Head Stoop.
Protruding Abdomen.
Incurved Back.
Constipation.
Indigestion.
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Superfluous Flesh.
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